

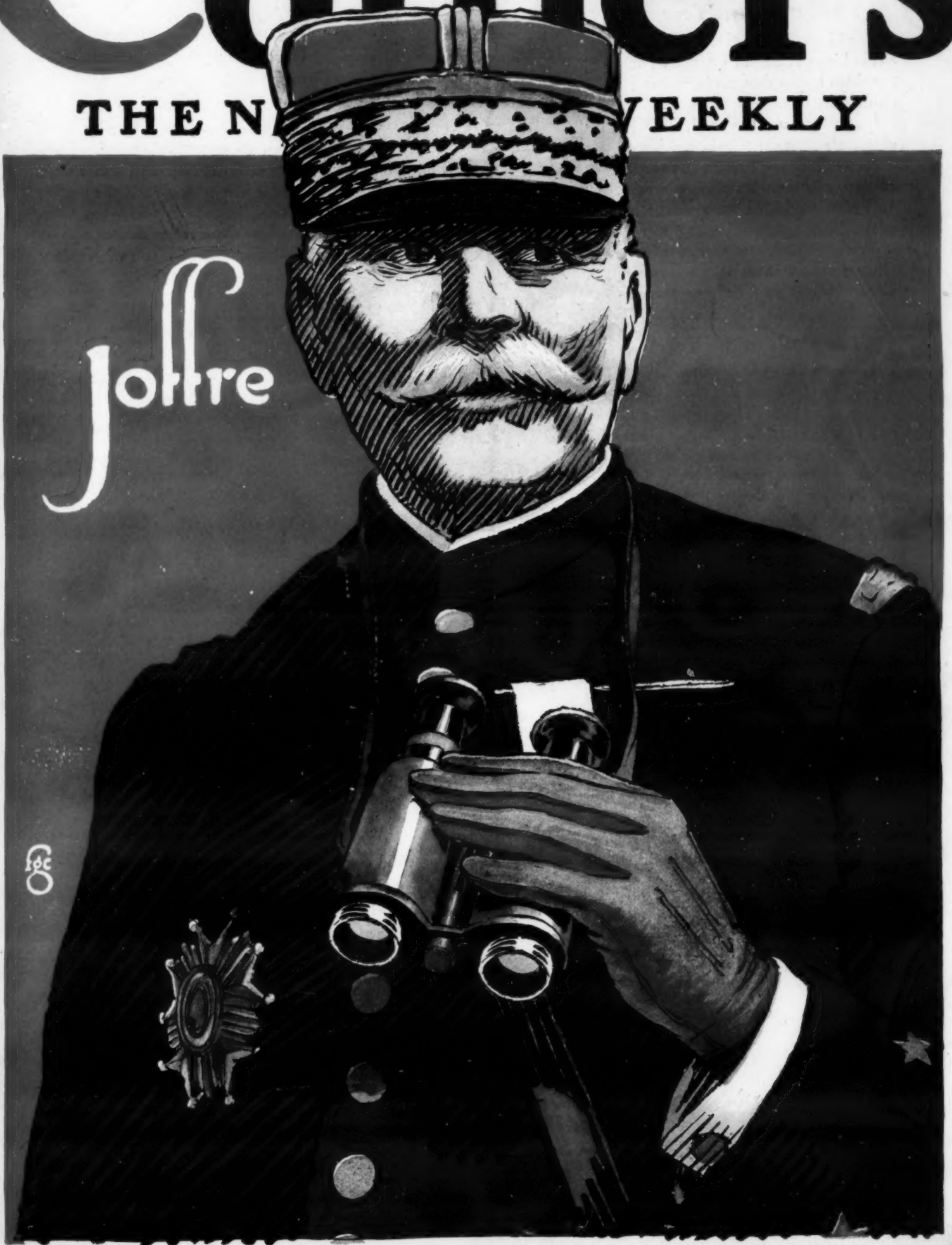
UNIVERSITY CLUB

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March 13, 1915

# Collier's

THE NEW WEEKLY

Joffre



IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES By Senator A. J. Beveridge

# It's in the Light Now

The Goodyear Tire—But 'twas a Long, Hard Way to Get There

## 1,479,883 Last Year

The Goodyear Tire looms up now as the biggest thing in Tiredom. You see them by the thousands, on every road and street.

Last year men bought 1,479,883 of our pleasure car tires alone. Note what that means—about one tire for every car in use. And every week now thousands of new converts adopt them.

You see Goodyears now as rulers. Once you saw them in the bottom place. Have you ever wondered how they spanned that reach?

## The Path to the Top

The entire story is summed up in this: *We built better tires than others.*

You know that. There is no other way to win users as we have. Men can't be deluded on tires.

We employed trained experts by the score. We devoted \$100,000 yearly to research and experiment. We built tires in a thousand ways to find out which was best.

## Note This \$450,000

Our policy is this: Spend in the making every dollar which can save tire users two dollars.

One exclusive process—our "On-Air" cure—adds to our tire cost \$450,000 yearly. It is used by no other maker. But it saves Goodyear users, in needless blowouts, millions of dollars yearly.

To combat rim-cutting, we embody in each Fortified Tire our costly No-Rim-Cut feature.

To combat loose treads, we create in each tire hundreds of large rubber rivets.

To insure safety, we vulcanize six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires in each tire base. That holds tires firmly to the rim.

To combat skidding and punctures, we build our All-Weather tread. We make it double-thick and tough. We make it flat for smooth-running. We make the grips sharp, deep and resistless.

## Fortified Tires

That's why we call these Goodyear Fortified Tires. In those five ways, employed by no other maker, we fortify against five tire troubles.

Yet, despite these extra features, we charge no extra price. Our mammoth production saves us the cost of them.

We urge you, for your own sake, to prove out these quality tires. They are not trouble-proof. They meet with mishap and suffer from misuse like others. But the verdict of motorists, as shown by our sales, is that Goodyears average best. And we have told you why. Any dealer will supply you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company  
Akron, Ohio

**GOOD YEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO

## Fortified Tires

Fortified Against {  
Rim-Cuts—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.  
Blowouts—by our "On-Air" cure.  
Loose Treads—by many rubber rivets.  
Insecurity—by 126 braided piano wires.  
Punctures and Skidding—by our double-thick All-Weather tread.





# THE WHITE

*—in itself an exposition of progress*

That The White is enthusiastically pronounced the final word in motor car designing and construction is not an occasion for wonder when the car is seen.

Sheer beauty of the finally-perfect streamline body harmonizes with the mechanical superiority which has always marked The White.

Possibly no one detail in a motor car has ever evoked such commendatory comment as the absorbing of the conventional back of the front seat in the center cowl—a ripple in the streamline.

This, however, is simply one of the many things which blend into the complete charm of the car.

## *White leadership is a principle*

The accomplishment of the final aim in body designing is the outgrowth of that leadership which, among other things, first introduced the mono-bloc, long-stroke, high-speed motor; the logical left-side drive; the first perfected

electrical system combined with the tremendous advantage of a non-stallable engine.

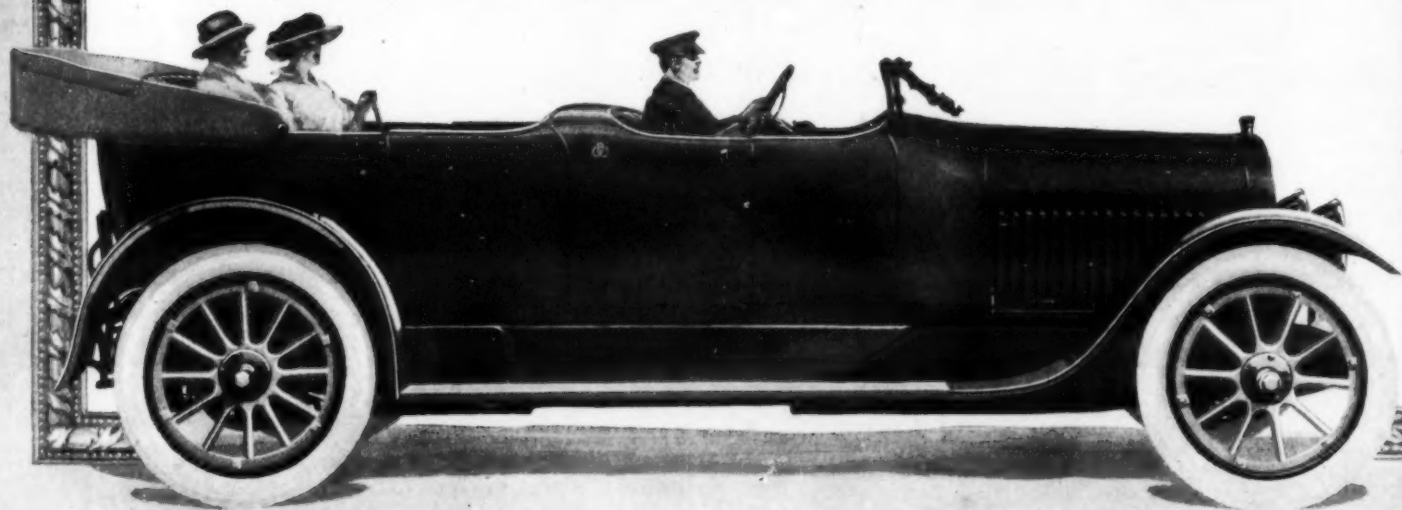
These fundamental mechanical improvements have been basic principles in The White for years.

WHITE DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE EXHIBITING AND DEMONSTRATING  
THE DIFFERENT MODELS

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs

Exhibiting at Transportation Building, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco





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## Varsity Fifty-five

A suit for young men



**Y**OUNG men are going to "get the idea" of our Varsity Fifty-five sack suit the minute they see it; that means they are going to wear it.

It's a snappy, stylish design that any young man with the right taste for style will want to wear. Good clothes like these are not expensive either; for \$25, you'll get splendid quality. You can pay more or less and get value for what you pay.

Just say Varsity Fifty-five to your clothier; if he doesn't sell our clothes, he can't show it to you, and you don't want an imitation of it.

Be sure you see our label; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

# Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago

Good Clothes Makers

New York



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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# IN THE GERMAN TRENCHES

THE SECOND OF SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S WAR ARTICLES

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

OVER the city of Lille, in northern France, thick clouds lowered weightily. An occasional drop of rain spat vengefully from the heavens. Evening was falling.

"There will be a storm to-night," remarked the wanderer among strange scenes.

"Oh, no—just one of these everlasting rains," replied a German officer standing in the group. "It is always like this."

"But," persisted the stranger, "listen to that low, heavy thunder, so full of body. That means a storm."

"Why, my dear sir," laughed the military one, "that is not thunder—that is artillery."

"Artillery! How far away?"

"Oh, I should say that firing is near Comines, about ten miles off."

A little bit abrupt this, with a trace of gentle thrill, to one fresh from Berlin. Not thirty hours' distant by railway—peaceful, busy, casual, matter-of-fact, yet serious Berlin. For this capital of a mighty nation at war shows few signs of being the center of the greatest of all epochal conflicts of history. Shops and stores all open; prices normal, even the usual first-of-January sales at reduced figures going on; streets thronged with men and women, thousands of the men of military age; theatres, amusement halls, moving-picture shows crowded with patrons; cafés and *Bierstuben* filled with quiet, pleasant German folk—apparently almost the Berlin of peace time, except for occasional companies of troops in *Feldgrau*, and now and then a bandaged soldier on the streets. Indeed, to one expecting marching thousands, flaming printed appeals for volunteers (and not one such placard exists in all Germany), closed windows, dour faces, hurrying ambulances, black days and nights with streets and houses darkened, Berlin surprises the visitor much more than does the far-distant battle field.

And Lille itself, captured city of France, held by the conquerors! At first sight you wonder that this can be so. For here, too, the sidewalks are full of people—men, women, children; here, too, stores and shops are open, purchasers passing in and out; here, too, the street cars rumble over the complaining rails. But for the great number of soldiers thickly clustering here and there, but for the largest of Lille's cafés monopolized by powerful-looking men wearing the uniform of the German officer, and but for that growling menace which you have learned is the sound of cannon instead of the voice of the impatient heavens—but for these war tokens, the newly arrived observer in his first moments of astonishment would never think Lille the victim of conquest.

To be sure, war's reddest advertisement has flared in your face as you enter the Lille station; for there, on adjoining tracks, two long hospital trains filled with wounded are ready for departure to the permanent hospitals. Also, tall helmeted officers greet you; and rising above the front of the military automobile which you enter, a long, edged hook, slanting backward, lifts itself higher than your head.

It is to break the wires that sometimes are stretched across roads to cut the throats of those in these military cars, who drive like the wind

in darkness as well as light. Then, too, here and there, what once were great buildings, now only masses of brick, stone, mortar, and twisted iron. But demolished structures, uniformed officers, plunging autos, mangled men—all of these you had expected. And you had not expected teeming evidences of peaceful, orderly, and ordinary civil life.

Indeed, it is a long time from your departure from Berlin station that the work of war's strong, rough, and efficient hand strikes your eye; a still longer time before even your expectant senses detect war's pungent atmosphere. You are many miles into France when the gaunt walls of shell-destroyed houses first flash past you. A space farther on and you stop for a moment at a good-sized town; three wagons, burdened with great loads of straw, drawn by six powerful horses driven by soldiers; other wagons loaded with provisions; a long train on the siding bearing munitions of war covered with canvas; two coffins resting on the station platform, and one more borne by four stalwart soldiers; along the central street houses smashed and crumpled; in an open space some two hundred sturdy, bearded, middle-aged, grave-faced men in long black uniform overcoats, with black leather caps bearing gold crosses above the peaks—all these are signals of your approach to the still distant fighting zone. Yet,

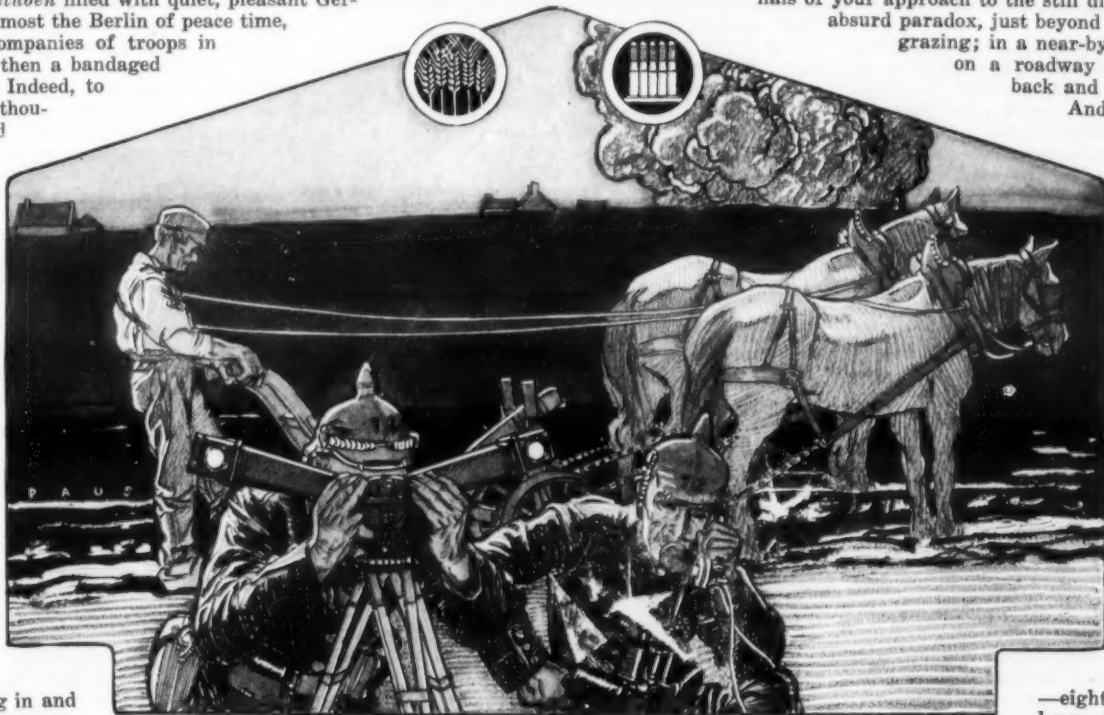
absurd paradox, just beyond the town a flock of sheep grazing; in a near-by field a peasant plowing; on a roadway a steam roller grunting back and forth in its leveling toil.

And then again, just beyond, scores of provision wagons ranged in military orderliness. But those three coffins, burnished oak affairs with drooping gold wreaths along their sides! They bear the bodies of those killed in battle whose relatives have been fortunate enough to find and retrieve them from the welter of the slain—only the other day a father had told you of his long but futile search for a missing son. Or perhaps in these coffins rest the bodies of princes, who also were soldiers and officers and who died fighting at the front

—eight of these highest born have already paid this crimson and heroic tribute to their country. And those serious-faced, big-framed, bewhiskered men in black uniforms? They are the

*Landsturm*—solid citizens, fathers of families, doing guard duty at the bridges, along the roads, but splendid soldiers if ever the time comes when they are needed in trench or battery pit.

The crumpled houses of Dinant or shell-riddled Givet fail to produce any reaction of astonishment when you reach them, so much have you seen already of the furrowing of war's rude plowshare. The tearing, smashing work of the German artillery on Givet's picturesque fortress, perched high above the river Meuse, does give a slight start—here you stand in what once was supposed to be a bomb-proof underground chamber, now open to the sky, its futile yards of masonry and earth protection blown to the winds or toppled into the chamber



Absurd paradox, just beyond the town a flock of sheep grazing; a peasant plowing; on a roadway a steam roller grunting back and forth in its leveling toil





Only a few hours before a soldier was killed  
at the very shooting space through which you looked

itself, covering the bodies of French artillerymen who now, at your feet, lie buried beneath the debris before you; there you pick up a large slab from a German melinite shell, its splintered edges knifelike in their sharpness, and think of bringing it home as a souvenir, although it almost touches a torn French uniform stained with blood.

But, strange psychology, you are more attracted by the phenomenon of fresh and growing life surrounding this havoc than you are by the cannon's heavy handiwork. The pale green of winter wheat, already coloring faintly the fields below, astonishes you more than the huge pockmarks dug on their faces by the high explosives. All about life has overtaken death—even the slope from which the fortress hill rises is freshly plowed. An earnest, this, of what you are soon to behold even when beneath the monstrous missiles of great guns screaming over your head. Life, the vitality of nature and the heart of man, triumphant over death's temporary ravaging!

And so on to Lille; the ponderous arches of mighty bridges which the French had built for the eternities, but which, in their retreat, they had blown into gigantic fragments, tumbled grotesquely about you; rising above you, the equally strong steel structures with which the German engineers already have replaced them; before your eyes the wire entanglements in process of construction by German soldiers; an aeroplane flying so high above you that it looks like a great bird—all these you note with less interest than peasants plowing in the fields, a boy unloading straw from a wagon, cows grazing on the winter herbage, clusters of chickens voraciously busy in the barnyards. And thus you come to the firing line, the trenches and the batteries, the snap of rifle, the rattling chuckle of the mitrailleuses, the heavy voices of the mortars.

### "Our French Friends"

THE night is still thick when the military automobile starts with you in its swift journey to the trenches. No lights glow in the windows of villages, whose inhabitants are not yet astir. You hear the crowing of a cock even above the noise of the auto, and once a little dog rushes out, barking his impotent defiance. A curious portent hangs in the sky—the morning star—shining with such a vast circumference that you insist that it is no star at all, but a military arc lamp, suspended by some uncanny wizardry of war.

At a crossing of roads in the open country the automobile halts, and figures approach with electric lights glowing from their breasts, hanging by straps from around the neck like uncanny beings from another world. They are the officers you met at dinner many miles away early in this very night, yet long since on duty at the outposts.

Finally, as dawn breaks and the countryside unrolls, you enter a little hamlet. The opposing cannon have already begun their hoarse and throaty quarrel. You go into a church, the walls of which have as many openings made by guns as they have windows fashioned by architect and mason. From piles of litter you pick up a prayer book lying in melancholy neglect. You climb the church tower by a staircase and then by iron ladder, held steadily by soldiers as you mount, until you sit upon the beams from which the church bell swings. Then, through the great slats, you look upon the French and German trenches, startlingly near, and behold the region where the contending artillery are planted, though you cannot detect a single battery, so perfectly are they hidden.

"Be careful! Don't show yourself, or we may get a shot!" comes a warning voice behind you.

And now for the trenches themselves. The cannon's continuous booming no longer greatly impresses you; but the *Schützengraben* hold for you a tingle of expectation. Down the village street you walk on to a broad road bordered by woods; the crack and rattle of rifle firing smites your ear as if coming from just around the corner. Between two groups of buildings there is a short open space. The officers stoop low as they cross this exposed point and bid you do the like; for standing erect

means being seen by the enemy and an invitation to the French marksmen to try their skill on you. You feel ridiculous as you assume this absurd posture; it seems so unnecessary.

Then another unobstructed space which you pass, up to your knees in mud and water, by means of a trench, which conceals you, and so down to a tiny cup in the hills, where a brick house stands, one room for trench reserves waiting their turn and another for the company's officers—the captain a good-looking young lawyer. For, as you are to find, men of all professions, of every calling, are in Germany's battle line—writers and shoemakers, poets and bricklayers, masters of great business concerns and their employees, university professors and tailors, blacksmiths and opera singers, many of them volunteers—a very democracy of war.

Wet and muddy overcoats hang on trees or are spread on bushes, for, unusual circumstance, the overworked clouds have not poured out their Niagaras for three hours or more, and once, for a moment, the sun actually has shown his tardy and shamefaced visage.

The garrulous and multitudinous voices of the rifles are very close at hand, just over the crest of the hill which you even now are climbing. You can detect plainly the different sides of this leaden debate, and know that a far heavier fire is coming from one set of trenches than from the other. It is the French who are burning this extra powder—they are shooting at least five shots to every one fired by their German foe. You would have the reason.

"It is nervousness," remarks a German major who, by the way, speaks English without accent and whose wife is an American woman. "Nerves and an oversensitive imagination. Our French friends cannot hold themselves in, it appears. I do not say this in unkindness, for they are brave men, but more emotional and less steady than our men."

What was this? "French friends!" And this from a German officer wearing the iron cross won by gallantry in action! "French friends" and a compliment, with only the gentlest criticism, from



one of those Bavarians whose traditional ferocity in battle has elicited anew the attention of the world! These chance remarks switch your thought from plunging bullet and rifle pit even as you mount toward them. And you are to find more of this in the days to follow. "French friends!" And spoken in unmistakable tones of friendliness amid such scenes!

And so at last to the trenches, the real fighting trenches. You zigzag to them through similar ap-

proaching channels. Five feet deep, at least, they are, with an additional foot and a half of earth dug from them and ridged above them on the side facing the enemy, serving as an added screen for head and helmet. Just before entering the fighting ditches you see an underground room hollowed from the earth. You are told to go in if you like, and as you cross this warrior threshold you read these words written on a board nailed to the wooden lintel: "Villa Ruheort—The Hearthstone is More Precious than Gold." It is the quarters of noncommissioned officers in charge of this particular firing squad. Clean, dry straw carpets the earthen floor. A large cracked mirror stands awkwardly on a crude, stool-like table, on which are lying two or three books. Two of these military earth dwellers are within and greet you pleasantly.

Through the trenches themselves you flounder, with mud or water or their slimy combination slushing far up about your legs. You stoop, under orders, every now and again when, walking over a caved-in lump of earth, your head if unbent is brought above the surface and in sight of the keen-eyed French sharpshooters. You pass the men who are doing the fighting. Here and there they have made benches or footholds, on which they stand, an inch or two above the trenches' slush. Apertures, perhaps six inches wide by two deep, made by pieces of wood, appear in the loose earth piled above the trench, looking toward the enemy. Through these the soldiers scan the opposing line, and through these they fire when an unwary or curious head comes into view, although most of the shooting is done with rifle resting on the top of the earth ridge of the trench. You look yourself and see the French trenches quite plainly with the naked eye; indeed, they are not a hundred yards away. A little farther on the hostile lines are only forty or fifty yards apart. A clump of trees crests a gentle elevation a short distance behind the French rifle line, and here French machine guns are in watchful hiding.

The rifle firing, sometimes only a *pftot! pftot!* and again so frequent that it is like scores of giant firecrackers exploded by a single fuse, seems only a few feet away from where you stand. Yet the soldiers by your side do no firing; no bullets whistle over you; no one near you is wounded or killed, and a curious feeling of unreality and play acting steals over you. You have a most unworthy and brutal feeling that you are being cheated. You fervently hope that no one will be hit, no one wounded or killed. And yet, "Well, if somebody is sure to be shot in the trenches to-day, if this be fate's unchangeable decree, let it be now, when I can see, and not half an hour later, when I shall be gone"—so runs your almost subconscious thought.

But the kindly smiles, the good-humored faces, the expression of physical contentment which comes of being well fed and cared for! Once more your mental processes about-face from the clamor of hostilities toward this new viewpoint. You forget the dramatic phase and go to wondering about these brawny, cheerful-looking soldiers.

### The Subterraneans

BEFORE leaving by a zigzag exit, exactly like your approach, you note and carefully examine little chambers or dens dug in the earth of the trench's wall, always on the side toward the enemy. They are perhaps six feet long, four feet wide, three feet deep, the roof and sides kept from caving in by wooden supports. The cold, hard earthen floor is softened and warmed by thick layers of clean, dry straw; a flap of canvas or gunnysack shields the entrance from daylight and the chilly air. Into one after another of these firing-line bedchambers you peer, and in everyone a soldier is fast asleep, fully clad, even to boots, overcoat, and cap. You have not intruded, for nothing so trivial as the poking about of a civilian investigator awakes these sleepers.

Thus you learn part of the routine of the trenches—twenty-four hours in these *Schützengraben*, two hours watching and firing, four hours sleeping in the cubby-holes; then two hours of duty on foot again, and so on; then forty-eight hours of rest in buildings, if any are near by, or, if not, in the



equally comfortable, big, semiunderground, roomy bunk places; then three days of real rest a little farther back, but still within quick call; then three more days in some comparatively distant yet neighboring village still farther in the rear, where the soldier alternates between enjoying himself and plowing the fields if the French peasants are not already performing that task.

And then back to the trenches again, and the same routine of service and repose. And here is a problem for the psychologist burrowing his mole-like way into the hidden causes of human action and preference—the men are anxious to get back from the safety and comfort of village life or cozy subterranean comradeship to the danger and discomfort of the fighting pit. You do not in the least understand this soldier choice, but you feel it vaguely yourself long before you are told it. For, lunching an hour later, some miles away, with the general commanding that corps and his staff, in a big attractive house in perfect safety amid engaging companionship, you are ashamed to find that you are not as appreciative as courtesy demands and justifies. You wish you were back there in the rain and mud, the impolite snap of rifles in your ears, bitten by the tang of the unusual and subconsciously perilous. Can it be that war has its ultimate roots in the far depths of human nature? Can it be man's blind method of relief from soul-rotting, spirit-quenching monotony? Can it be that the fuse which explodes the destroying shell also tears apart those gold and silken meshes with which convention and the ordinary wrap, mummylike, the intellect and aspiration of man? Can it be—hideous and forbidding thought!—that the ages have found no better way than this of stirring the waters of the soul from the stagnation of routine?

### German Amenities

YOU would make acquaintance with the great guns whose booming voice is never still, seems never weary; you would listen more closely to the argument of the artillery—and here luck favors you. It so happens that an officer, half American in his relationships, with whom you are acquainted has charge of a wide round of inspection as the direct representative of the commander in chief of the army.

"Come along with me if you like. I shall be glad to have you," says this major adjutant.

"I should like it very much, but won't my being with you interfere with your duties?"

"Not in the least," he replies, "and you really may happen to see something."

You find that a painter of German battle scenes, who is in high favor with the German army, men and officers alike, also is going. He speaks English perfectly, which adds to your momentary and accidental good fortune. So away plunges the great military auto over the perfect roads of France toward the sound of the cannonade, which grows louder and clearer with every turn of the flying wheels. A square white tower, like an ancient castle with a quaint French village clustered about it, rises from among the trees. "We are using that as our observation point—we shall be able to see the whole field from there," explains the officer. The few inhabitants of the village are walking about quite unconcernedly, attending to their daily tasks, the thunder of the guns long since a twice-told tale to them and now a part of their ordinary life. Many German soldiers are in the streets—again you note their healthful appearance and the good humor of their faces. An elderly French peasant walks by, lifting his cap to the German officers, who return his greeting with civility. A French woman stands in a doorway, holding in her arms a laughing child, upon whom the soldiers beam as they pass.

Now you go on to the tower and find yourself on its flat, railed-in roof, where a glass of the highest power, mounted on a tripod, sweeps the whole country and brings the far distance almost beneath your feet. Through these lenses a town which you can see with your naked eye appears to be within a five minutes' saunter from where you stand—you can make out the details of a ruined brick house standing at the town's edge. Far in the distance, to the right, white cathedral spires rise like a beautiful unreality. The edifice is being shelled because the French are using it for observation purposes, precisely as the Germans are employing the tower on which you stand. This latter, however, is of no artistic value or historic interest, and has no sacred uses. You wonder why the French do not shell it, for it is in possible range of their heaviest ordnance. Also, it is the point from which the effect of the German explosives is noted and directions telephoned to the widely scattered batteries.

"You see that white smoke? It is one of our shells exploding," you are told as a little pallid cloud suddenly arises from a field a considerable distance to your right. And then you note another and still another of these pale and fleecy flowers of conflict. And always the harsh but not repellent crash of the

cannon's barbaric orchestration! Yes, and the green of recurring life in the fields where this iron dispute is going forward, the tender sproutings of the young wheat in patches here and there!

Yet no crimson event strikes your eye, and once more you feel that nothing really is happening. There is not much of hazard, you think, in going to the batteries themselves.

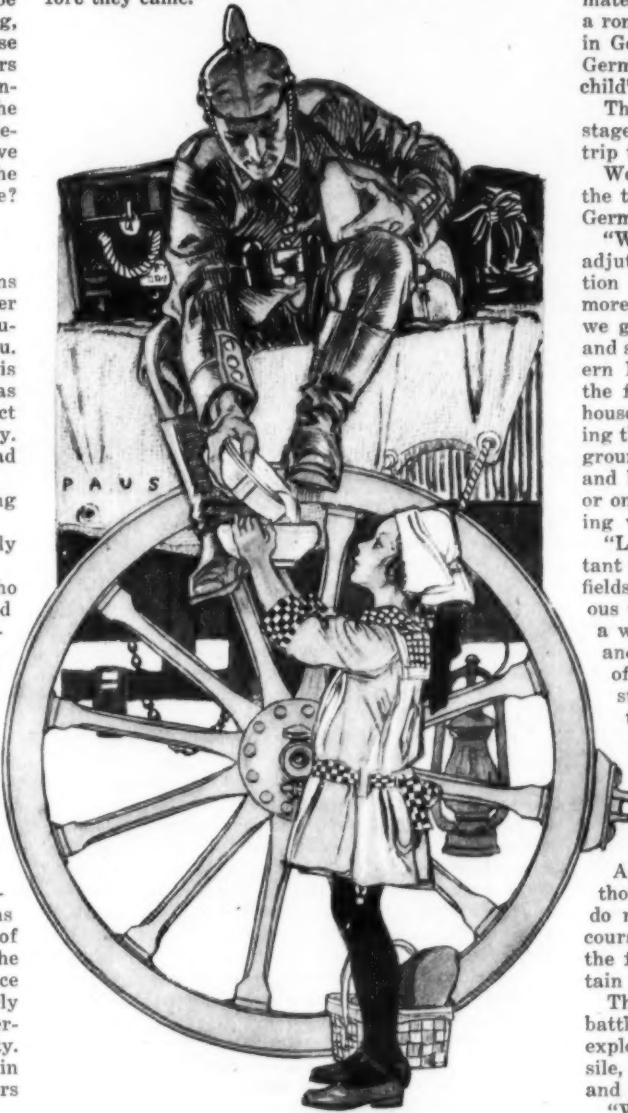
On your way through the village the foolish and impossible thought strikes you: "I wish some of these villagers spoke English!" And you utter that absurd remark.

"Why, there is one," answers the German physician in medical charge at that point. "There is a peasant girl who, I believe, learned a little English in the schools. Her family's house is just around the corner. Go talk to her, if you wish." You find that the girl in question lives with her mother, aunt, and younger brother, in a typical house of the French peasant. Neither she nor any of the inmates seem alarmed; plainly they are on good terms with the German invaders.

"Do these Germans treat you well?" you question. "Oh, yes, we are well treated," she makes out to say in her broken English.

"You do not fear them, then?"

"No; not now. But we feared them very much before they came."



"You say they have treated you well—but have they done anything for you?"

"When they came we had very little left to eat. The captain of the German light cavalry had his soldiers bake bread for us, and gave it to the people of the village. We all thought that kind."

"How will you live through this year?"

"We have a field which my brother, who is only fifteen, and an old servant will cultivate. The Germans have let us have two horses for plowing and other work."

But this comes too pat; you are afflicted with the plague of suspicion. Another similar incident, however, two days later, could not possibly have been "arranged." Your interpreter, speaking many tongues, is with you on this second occasion—you have brought him from America and know his reliability. (And let no investigator go to all the warring countries without such a dependable aid unless he, himself, speaks all the languages.) You are passing through the only town in France where savagery has been practiced on German wounded—seventy disabled soldiers lying helpless in the town hall were murdered. Their graves are near the outskirts, marked with simple, wooden crosses. As a

punishment and a warning against such practices in future, the Germans shelled the village, having first told the inhabitants to leave temporarily. The Germans think the murders were committed by ruffians and acquit the general French population of the crime. You are making photographs of the ruins. One picturesque point can only be had from the upper windows of an opposite building. A French family, minus its men, is lodged within. The mother gives permission and the photograph successfully taken, you talk with her. She holds a child, two or three years old, on her lap.

She admits she was terrified before the Germans came; but they have treated her and everybody well, she informs you, and she fears them no longer. The soldiers like her little girl especially, she says. One stopped and had supper with them once, and afterward played with the child for a long time. When he went away they thought of course that they would never see him again—so many soldiers pass through their village! They were sorry for this, for they liked him.

A week later the little girl was playing on the doorstep when suddenly she gave a joyous cry at the sight of a passing German soldier, and held out her arms to him. It was her friend of the week before who was looking for the house where his tiny playmate lived. He wanted to see her again, and have a romp with her—she was like his own *Kindlein* back in Germany! So now, indeed, they did not fear the Germans any more—nobody in that town did, the child's mother said.

This incident could not have been "fixed up" or staged by any possibility. But let us get back to our trip to the batteries.

We draw near Arras, the town we had seen from the tower. It is still held by the French, whom the Germans have not yet been able to dislodge.

"We had better stop the auto here," remarks the adjutant as we come near the top of a slight elevation in the road. "They can see us in a moment more, and they might shell us." So along the road we go on foot, down the gentle slope. Broad it is, and splendidly paved—one of the best roads in northern France, beautifully bordered with poplars. At the foot of the long, easy hill, toward the town, a house is burning and German soldiers are extinguishing the flames. Across the road are three semiunderground, big rooms where the soldiers from trench and battery spend their time when not at the guns or on the firing line. The roofs are hidden by growing vegetation, like that of the surrounding fields.

"Let us go to a battery now," said the major adjutant making his rounds; and across beet and turnip fields we walk, the heavens above and about us clamorous with thunder not native to the skies. You note a wooden cross at the head of a mound, and then another; and you recall that you have seen many of these, but have not especially marked them, so strident was the call of interest to more insistent things. They locate the spot where German soldiers, officers, and men alike now sleep and will forever sleep. But why so few? For you are treading the soil of a battle field where thousands fell not so very long ago. You find that each of these crosses is not for the grave of one man, but for many, for very, very many.

Again the psychology of life triumphing in thought and feeling over death; for these grave do not oppress nor shock—they seem a matter of course—and live men are by your side and about you the fertile soil with its prophecy of harvest to sustain yet more life!

The fields are sown with metal testimony of the battle; you pick up two conical objects, fuses which exploded shells, one from a fifteen-centimeter missile, and another from a twenty-one centimeter gun, and put them in your pocket to carry home.

"What are those two men?" you ask, pointing to two soldiers standing behind a mound of earth.

"Range finders for the battery," is the answer. "We shall be there in a moment."

"What battery?"

"The one before you! Don't you see it?"

"No; I'll be hanged if I do!" and your unpracticed eye does not detect the guns twenty yards away.

"Why, there it is—right in front of you!"

### In the Pits

THEN you do observe three pits, but see no guns as yet; and you think these the entrance to another type of underground soldiers' villa. But you walk forward and soon touch the bulky breeches of the guns. The pits, or holes, for these particular pieces are perhaps three feet deep and may be twelve by twelve in length and breadth. A narrow passage ten feet in length leads to an underground chamber where the men sleep and rest when not serving their weapons. It is not uncomfortable.

This underground room and, of course, the gun itself are so carefully covered over with poles, evergreen, earth, and growing vegetation that one walking toward the cannon's muzzle might actually fall into the excavation before (Continued on page 31)



# BY MARGARITA TRENCH

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

HARDIE made plays, some good, some bad—on an average more good than bad, however—and believed devoutly in himself. To offset which dubious qualities he had red hair, a feeling for cleanliness amounting to foppiness, and an early Victorian reverence for women.

When Hardie was twenty-nine, a manager who shall be nameless, but never was obscure, produced "Sweet and Twenty," and Hardie tasted the first fruits of success. The play in itself was not remarkable except for a zest of youth and a certain robustness of romance, which pleased the palate of jaded theatre-goers, but Hardie's royalties to his not too exacting nature signified affluence, and the flimsily clever phrase of an amiable critic, blazoned upon the ash cans, opened the way to fame.

"Sweet and Twenty," said the critic, who happened to have dined well that night and to have found in the pocket of his coat an overlooked twenty of quite another variety, "goes good and plenty."

It was a prophecy. "Sweet and Twenty" ran a whole season on Broadway before it departed to gather in the sheaves along the road. By that time Hardie was a made man—in his own gray eyes at least—and the Muse sat in his pocket.

From which chaste shelter he dictated a tragedy, a roaring farce, and sundry one-act things for vaudeville. The tragedy failed, appropriately, but out of the proceeds of the farce Hardie acquired his first top hat and cutaway and, unable any longer to hide his light under a bushel, moved into an office on Fourth Avenue. It was a modest office, but seemly, and this tale by rights begins there.

More accurately, it begins with a story in a cheap magazine which Hardie picked up from his table one day, and read between dashes and a balking and uninspired second act. The story was called "Lucinda," and concerned, simply enough, a tired little girl who lived in a hall bedroom by night, worked in a publisher's office by day, and desired to turn on the gas and go to sleep one Sunday afternoon because she was tired and nobody in the whole world cared. It carried a certain amount of conviction, and Hardie read it twice through. After he had gone back to his second act, the story persisted strangely in some shadowy corner of his mind, and before he slept that night he had written a letter to Margarita Trench, which was the name at the top of the story.

The letter was brief and said merely that he thought "Lucinda" splendid, that he had come upon it quite by chance, and asked Margarita Trench to come into the Fourth Avenue office some day to see him.

"I should like to know you," said the letter, "and I might be able to help in a way."

What way was not elucidated. Hardie had a vague and formless idea in his own mind, but he was not yet ready to share it with Margarita Trench. So he sent the letter to the magazine which had published "Lucinda," and read the story twice again the week before an answer came.

THE answer, in its turn, was not too definite. Margarita Trench wrote that she was flattered by Mr. Hardie's criticism of her work; that she knew and tremendously admired his plays; that "Sweet and Twenty" had been, in fact, a white stone in her life—but she did not say she would some day come into the Fourth Avenue office. On the other hand, neither did she say she would not. A faint, a very faint, and delicate flavor of romance pervaded her phrases like the new moon seen through rain.

At the end of the second page she was very sincerely his and vanished into thin air.

Hardie felt cheated. From successive readings of the missive he visualized the writer. She was small, she was dark. Her eyes were pools of twilight—her mouth drooped a trifle sadly at the corners. Her hair was untidy but lovely. Her hands were frail and very white, with perhaps an ink stain on the second finger of the right. She sat in her hall bedroom—that was "Lucinda," but in Hardie's mind it was also Margarita Trench, for after that first reading of the story he never doubted that the two were one—she sat in her hall bedroom, then, and watched the daylight fade against walls of a hideous white-plastered brick, or she walked in the park and envied every Jill her Jack with a beautiful hunger—or she stood before a florist's window and stared at



Margarita Trench turned and stood with her arms folded, her back against the wall. "I came to punish you," she said

red roses behind the glass, while her lips grew whiter and whiter. There had been something about roast chicken in the story, too. Hardie could not eat his dinner that night, at least he could not eat the salad course because he happened to think of Margarita Trench and feared she might be hungry.

Nothing in her letter had spelled hunger, but Hardie looked between the lines like a proper craftsman. He took "Lucinda" to pieces and found it still warm if not breathing. Only a girl who knew the Saharan desolation of a hall bedroom could have written it. The bit about the washstand and the bureau's touching each other for lack of room—that was a tortured detail. The cot bed and one chair—the turkey-red curtain before the clothes hooks—"twilight falls early in hall bedrooms," Lucinda had said, but behind the mask of "Lucinda," Hardie saw the eyes of Margarita Trench, starved and appealing. Eventually he whipped his formless idea into shape and wrote the girl again.

"I don't know whether you know it," he said in the second letter, "but 'Lucinda' has the stuff for a one-act play—and I know I could put it over. That bit at the end is good business. I want to see what I can do with it. In brief, I'd like to give you seventy-five dollars for all dramatic and stage rights to the story. Won't you come into my office some day soon and talk it over?"

Upon second thought he rewrote the letter, substituting a hundred for seventy-five. A hundred, he considered, with a certain unconscious lifting of the chest and ennobling of the eyes, would seem like fabled gold to Margarita Trench.

Upon third thought he added a postscript: "You need not be afraid to come to the office—if you have been afraid—I do not eat little girls. Anyhow, I am a vegetarian."

He wasn't, but he thought it sounded reassuring, which gives you Hardie in a paragraph.

SOON after that Margarita Trench came.

It was a perfect day in the middle of the week—Hardie had written on a Saturday—and she knocked demurely, even with a touch of fear, precisely as Hardie had known she would knock. He was so sure it was she that he straightened his tie and ruffled his hair before he went to the door to admit her.

"How do you do?" said Hardie as soon as he had opened the door. "Won't you come in? It's Miss Trench, isn't it?"

The girl in the doorway said she was Margarita Trench. With a little suggestion of shyness in the droop of her head she came in.

Hardie closed the door and found her a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

She did and so did he, behind the ramparts of his desk. At the very first they conversed laboriously and without brilliance.

"How did you know I was Margarita Trench?"

"You look—well, I had asked you to come."

"It was very good of you to like 'Lucinda.'"

"A very artistic piece of work," Hardie commented heavily. He looked at her almost in open wonder, so completely did she reproduce the Margarita Trench of his imagination.

She was small; she was dark. Her eyes were pools of twilight. Her mouth drooped a little sadly at the corners. Her hands were frail and very white—only the ink spot was absent. Her simple dark-blue frock and small black hat intensified her look of youth. The whiteness of her prim, sheer collar pointed her lack of flushes. She wore no rings of any sort—a small gold bar fastened her frock at the throat.

SHE moved nervously under the intensity of Hardie's gaze. "You—you wanted to see me, Mr. Hardie—about 'Lucinda'?"

"About 'Lucinda'—Ah, yes! But about you," said Hardie daringly. "By Jove, you know! You look, for all the world, exactly as I thought you would."

She stared, then dropped her eyes.

"You thought I would—"

"Like 'Lucinda,' you know."

"You thought 'Lucinda' was me?"

"Wasn't she?" he insisted.

Margarita Trench twisted the small gray gloves she carried in one hand.

"I was sure you thought that."

"That story," said Hardie solemnly, "was written in red ink."

She arched her eyebrows plaintively.

"What do you mean?"

"Heart's blood."

"Oh!" said Margarita Trench. Suddenly she smiled with a flash of small white teeth and a pretty curling of the soft lower lip.

"You're just like yourself, too—that's just what you'd say in one of your plays—isn't it?"

"I try to be natural," said Hardie modestly.

"To yourself in your plays—or to your plays in yourself?" Their eyes met, and both of them laughed.

"Lucinda," said Hardie at length with an air of delicate reproach, "was not sarcastic."

"Poor dear!"

"She was genuine—if you get what I mean."

"Do I have to be 'Lucinda'?" asked Margarita Trench pathetically.

"You couldn't do better."

"I couldn't do worse," said the girl abruptly. A tragic shadow grew across her eyes.

"And you couldn't look like that—if Lucinda wasn't real," said Hardie.

He shifted papers on his desk and stared carefully at a crystal paper weight.

"Yes," she said presently, in a tired little voice, "Lucinda was real."

"I knew it—that's why it's so good."

"Turn your grief into copy, with a sob in the throat of it—"

"Whose is that?"

"A newspaper man I knew once—a terribly clever man."

"Lucinda," Hardie observed with a trace of utterly inexplicable jealousy, "didn't know any men."

"Poor dear!" said Margarita Trench again.

She clasped and unclasped her hands in her blue-serve lap. A little sigh escaped her. Hardie looked impassioned sympathy and bit his lip.

In a glass on his desk stood a single red rose, loose-leaved and flaming. All at once, as dust falls, the rose fell. Its petals, in falling, gave out a faint, overly sweet odor touched with the prescience of decay. They lay on Hardie's desk like blood spots.

"Oh!—oh!" said Margarita Trench softly.

"You like roses?" asked Hardie. "I remember Lucinda liked them—red roses." He sifted the petals through his fingers.

Margarita Trench drew her gloves through one hand with a queer little gesture of evasion.

"You were thinking about 'Lucinda' for a play?" she suggested.

Hardie leaned forward in his chair and clasped his hands about one knee. He frowned, and when he



frowned his eyes were oddly interesting—gray and deep beneath his thatch of mahogany-colored hair. "Yes—" he said. "Ye-es—I was. But don't talk about that, just yet. I'm interested in you. I want to know just how real 'Lucinda' is. I never read a yarn that got to me as that did. I've read it six times at least—you've no idea—it's so real to me. I—I visualized you—fact! I did—almost exactly as you are. I could see you, sitting by the window, looking out on that empty airshaft—"

"Not any emptier than the room—"

There was a savage bitterness in the soft speech. "It's the rottenest shame in the world," said Hardie slowly, "that women have got to live like that." "Some of them don't—some of them marry and get out of it," said Margarita Trench.

"And some of them write thundering good stories—and sell 'em—"

"I got twenty-five dollars for 'Lucinda.'"

"You ought to have gotten a lot more—where was I? Oh! And sell 'em—and then sell 'em again to appreciating playwrights—and buy red roses and fluffy ruffles—and roast chicken with what they get for 'em—"

"You said a hundred?" she murmured.

"A hundred," Hardie repeated benignly.

"You want to make a play of it?"

He corrected her.

"Not entirely—a one-act thing—for vaudeville. It ought to go."

MARGARITA TRENCH lifted her eyes to his face and smiled faintly.

"You really think it's worth it?"

Enthusiasm for the eyes as well as for Lucinda colored Hardie's words.

"Absolutely."

"You're awfully good to me," she said inscrutably.

Hardie did not deny it, but his face warmed suddenly with a sort of pleading, younger than his years and older than his experience. He put out his hand with a movement so entirely removed from self-assurance that Margarita Trench, watching him, yielded hers instinctively.

"See here," said Hardie above the cool, soft touch of those white fingers—"why can't we be friends?"

"Can we?"

"If you will—watch me!"

Without warning she wrenched her fingers away, sprang up and walked to the window. Hardie followed after an instant's hesitation.

"Have I done anything?" he asked, perplexed.

She turned a face flushed with some fierce denial.

"You thought Lucinda was me?"

"Well—aren't you?"

"You wanted to give me money—to help me—and you made an excuse of a play."

Hardie looked at her in silence.

"Not entirely an excuse," he said at last.

"I'm not charity, Mr. Hardie."

"And I'm not a philanthropist, Miss Trench."

"Why do you suppose I came here to-day?"

"Because I had asked you to," said Hardie coolly.

A glint of resentment showed in his steady eyes. Margarita Trench turned and stood with her arms folded, her back against the wall. A flush burned her dark skin and her eyes blazed.

"I came," she said deliberately, "to punish you for being so cocksure—and condescending—and—and bountiful! You were sorry for me—weren't you?"

You thought you'd throw me a crust—didn't you? So I made up for Lucinda and came. Don't I look like Lucinda?"

"Why—you little cat!" said Hardie amazedly. He broke out into a big boyish laugh. "You cunnin' little cat—you!"

"You were sorry for me!" Her flame wavered a little and she fed it fresh fuel. "You wanted to give me a hundred dollars—as you'd give a dime—to a beggar—didn't you?"

"I jolly well did not," said Hardie, taking fire at last. "I don't give away my hundreds like dimes as yet. I may, eventually. I'm pretty sure of myself, as you observe. Well—Lucinda—I must say you're a grateful young person—" Before she could prevent him he had laid his hands on her two shoulders and turned her to the light.

"Let me look at you!—what do you think you've done to me to-day?"

"I hope I've hurt you," she muttered sullenly.

"It's a very interesting sort of hurt, if you have. I think I'm falling in love with you, Lucinda."

She lifted a small face, startled into whiteness.

"No—no! You're not—you're laughing—"

"I mean it just the same."

"In—with me?"

"Getting deeper all the time."

"Oh!—let me go!" she said breathlessly and twisted away from his hands.

Hardie followed again and stood before her, his hands in his trousers pockets.

"Why not?" he said persuasively. "I fell for the story, you know—first of all—honestly I did. And for me, you're just Lucinda in the flesh. Anybody ever tell you how wonderfully young you are?"

She made a little voiceless protest, standing with her hands clenched tight against her heart, but Hardie went on, his clean, eager eyes on her troubled ones.

"Or how wonderfully appealing you are—why, you're like a pussy willow or a dogwood blossom, or something—you're *youth* itself—perhaps it's the youth in me that knows it. I want us to be pals, Lucinda. Wasn't that what the man in your story said? Just to begin with."

Margarita Trench set her little chin grimly.

"Do you—make love—to all the—women who come to your office?"

"Never before," said Hardie gravely, "so help me God!"

THE last words fell into the stillness as a stone into a pond. Widening ripples touched the walls before Margarita Trench opened her tight-shut eyes. "Oh—don't!" she gasped.

"I just don't want you to believe this is an everyday game with me—it isn't."

"I believe you," she said hurriedly. "I do believe you."

"That's a good girl!" said Hardie, smiling a little. "Well—you're not angry any more—eh?"

"I didn't understand at first," she told him.

"And we're to be pals, Lucinda?"

"What do you mean by pals?"

"What did you mean in your story? I mean talking things over together—settling all the little matters of life and death together—going walks together—reading books together—eating dinners together—seeing shows together—chiefly together, Lucinda, that's what you mean by pals."

Something stronger than coquetry wrung an unsteady little smile from Margarita Trench. She looked at him and looked away again before he realized more than a kind of baffled longing in her eyes.



Out of the proceeds Hardie acquired his top hat and cutaway

"How can you tell you'd like to be pals with me?"

"Wouldn't you like to be pals with me?" said Hardie and waited.

Margarita Trench came a step nearer like a child approaching a Christmas tree, dazzled but half fearful. She twisted her fingers together nervously.

"Suppose," she said uncertainly—"just suppose we could be pals—what—what would we do?"

Hardie smiled.

"Lucinda!" he said tenderly. "Well—take to-night, say—we'd have dinner at a bully little *rôtisserie* I know—over on Sixth Avenue—where they roast your chicken right before your eyes over glowing coals—till it's brown as a chicken at a stage banquet. Then we'd go to a show—let's see! not a girl show—nothing high-brow either—just a pretty comedy of some sort where you'd lose that little crease between your eyes—"

She put up her hand

and drew it down again quickly.

"Then," said Hardie, thoughtfully, "we'd take you home in a taxi—through the park. Ever see the park from a taxi window between twelve and one at night? It's a regular Merlin's wood. Ever see it, Lucinda?"

"Lucinda never saw anything," said Margarita Trench abruptly. There was a little choking husk to her voice, and her words came stumblingly fast. "She never saw anything—nor did anything—nor went anywhere—nor knew anybody—she just lived, that's all—inside four gray walls. She ate three meals a day and slept eight hours a night—when she could—but she might as well have been an old woman in an ugly black bonnet for all the difference her youth made. Oh, I think this is the cruelest town in the world!"

"You poor blind child!" said Hardie. "It's a magic town—you haven't seen it—that's all! Just you wait; I'll show it to you!"

"You can't," said Margarita Trench with a pitiful simplicity. "Nobody can." She put her hands to her eyes, then took them down again and looked at Hardie wistfully.

"That room," she said slowly. "Nobody could imagine anything smaller or grayer or bleaker than that room—but I used to want to get back to it at night because I was so lonesome."

"I knew 'Lucinda' was real," said Hardie. "Gad, what a life!"

"What lives! you mean," said Margarita Trench. "Hundreds of other houses just like the one I lived in—hundreds of other little rooms—hundreds of other women—women who work all day and never go out at night except sometimes with another woman—no romance in their lives—no moonshine—no lovers—not even any—pals. Nuns, that's what they are! Unwilling nuns—without a vocation, but unable to get back into the world. And all the time their youth—their youth is getting away from them, and what have they had of it? Do you suppose they don't want—"

She stopped, fighting herself back into composure, her eyes on her hands tight clenched together.

"I must go—I'm crazy to talk to you like this—I didn't mean—"

HARDIE brought fist into palm with a thud. "Is it possible you don't see," he exulted, "the stuff you're giving me for 'Lucinda'? Why, it ought to go big! It's wonderful."

"I had forgotten the play," said Margarita Trench simply.

All at once she turned to the door.

"You'll have to let me go now—I have an appointment—do—do what you like about Lucinda—"

"But you'll let me see you again," Hardie protested. "Now, please!—I thought we were going to be friends—eh? I know you came here to punish me—but I'm forgiven—you've already said so. You even let me hope we might be pals—didn't you, now?"

His smile was very young and very winning.

"Oh, you must let me go," said Margarita Trench. "You must—" She seemed suddenly obsessed with some hidden and just-remembered fear. "It's—it's after twelve, isn't it?" (Continued on page 45)



"That story," said Margarita, "was written and sold four years ago. They kept it all that time." Hardie stared over and beyond her, grimly



# "WE SHALL MEET, BUT WE SHALL MISS THEM"

VACANT CHAIRS WHICH WILL SADDEN THE SIXTY-FOURTH CONGRESS

AS EACH session of Congress draws to its close the members thereof receive boxes in which to pack their official documents for shipment home. These boxes are handsome cedar chests with the owner's name on the top in a neat little nickel plate—and they are much prized by the Congressional womenfolk, who store clothes in them with modest pride forevermore and pile the aforesaid official documents in the garret where moths do much corrupt.

When a Congressman has gone through a long and honorable career he gradually accumulates a large store of cedar chests—trophies of hard-won battles; and each new one as it is delivered by the blue-shirted house janitor on a truck brings him a pleasant thrill. It is a sign that the session is about over—that he is soon to go home, where landlords and night sessions cease from troubling, and where the wife of a leading constituent may be made valuably glad with a nice cedar box.

But sooner or later something happens out in the home district. A number of little incidents, constituting a majority for some noxious opponent, transpire at a November election. The Congressman goes back in December to serve out his final term, and as the janitor brings in his cedar box in the spring he suddenly discovers that it is a grim and unpleasant object. It is large, shiny, and capacious. It has a name plate on the top. It looks infernally like a coffin, and by March 4 it only wants handles on the sides to become a personal insult.

A very large number of these cedar boxes were

BY GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RODNEY THOMSON

let was addressing posterity and one or two members with intense earnestness during the lunch hour, Congressman Walter I. Smith of Iowa, now a Federal judge, left his seat and went close to the speaker in order to gather in his remarks—Bartlett being a profuse but unintelligible enunciator. It developed that the Georgia Congressman was delivering a beautiful apostrophe to Macon, Ga., his home town.

Merely to help the debate along, Smith rose and interrupted the speaker. "Has the gentleman ever heard of Red Oak, Iowa?" he asked.

"No," said Bartlett with tremendous emphasis.

Smith then proceeded in kindly fashion to inform the Georgia Congressman that Red Oak had more street paving, more telephones, more churches, more Carnegie libraries, and more bank deposits than Macon.

"That's not true," shouted Bartlett with extreme earnestness. "I never heard of Red Oak. It's a one-horse town. It's only a clapboard huddle of shacks in a prairie mudhole." (Loud and repeated cheering from the other three auditors.)

"I deny it! I deny it!" shouted Smith, whose Iowa loyalty had been awakened.

"I don't care if you do," said Bartlett. "A better man than you denied Christ." Upon which, having silenced the enemy, he thundered cheerfully on.

Another member who will be sadly missed is George John Kindel of Denver. Kindel came to Congress with an idea. His idea was a fixed belief that the parcel-post rates as at present fixed constitute a dastardly outrage, and in spreading information on this subject he managed to estrange himself from his party and to sue the Postmaster General for piracy or something of the sort.

Kindel spent much of his time in Congress trying to demonstrate to its members the crushing effect of the zone system on Denver and points west and became a very well known character on the floor. It was popularly believed that he could not rise to speak on any subject whatever without landing in time on his hobby, and when he got five minutes one day last winter to talk on the immigration law there was a good deal of curiosity as to just how he would incorporate a blast at the Post Office Department into his remarks. Many members believed that his time would be too short to make the switch, but Kindel didn't need even one minute of the five.

"We need," he began, "more foreigners to help develop this great country of ours which is at present suffering from many ills, not the least of which is the present system of parcel-post rates." Then he spoke with great fluency and devotion upon the parcel-post law for four minutes and forty-five seconds.

Jeremiah Donovan, Connecticut Democrat, carved no great cavern in the hall of fame for himself as regards the country at large, but in his brief career he made himself known to every fellow member. He arrived in Congress on March 5, 1913, wearing full imperial whiskers—the only set in the House. On his first day he collided with the entire unabridged edition of precedents interpreting House rules and was set down hard. It was a severe collision, but it did not discourage Donovan. On his second day he discovered that any man who has the courage of his convictions can ball up Congress almost hopelessly by rising to his feet at any time and saying "I object" in a clear, resonant tone. Thereupon Donovan turned



"On his first day, Donovan collided with the entire unabridged edition of precedents, and was set down hard"

upon the crowd who run the precedent steam roller and began to object. He objected more religiously and irrelevantly than any other man in Congress; and in each instance, having halted proceedings, left the task of discovering the reason for the objection to the House itself, which knew more about precedents than he did. He retires with the satisfaction of having avenged himself upon the parliamentarians more completely than any other living member.

The rules of the House fill only a couple of newspaper columns. But the precedents used in interpreting the said

rules fill nine volumes, each larger than Webster's Unabridged.

They say that when Underwood of Alabama first entered the House he was very bashful and used to read his speeches in a low voice for fear some one would overhear him. Later he became dignified, ponderous in debate, and a dresser of imposing correctness.

For some years he has been, because of his position, one of the chief sights and sounds of the House, but his subrosa reputation is that of a man who is fond of going up to some shrinking member, just pitchforked into Congress by an avalanche in an obscure district, introducing himself and with a few deft words making that young upstart feel like a passable imitation of a human being. Underwood leaves the House for the Senate, and carries with him probably as large an assortment of good wishes as any House leader who has had to ramble, spike-shod, over the opposition in the path of duty.

## He Hanged Hamilton

OF ALL losses none is more loudly mourned by the House than that occasioned by the retirement of Congressman Stanley of Kentucky; for when Stanley left he took with him his famous speech on Jefferson.

Stanley, who comes from the passionate hills of western Kentucky, brought to the House with him a belligerent devotion to the memory of Thomas Jefferson. He was also willing at any time to adjourn for the purpose of hanging Alexander Hamilton in effigy. Early and often in his career he alluded to these beliefs and inclinations with an increasing audience at every repetition. It became customary for the House, after a strenuous session, to demand Stanley's Jefferson speech, and he always obliged, weaving blue grass, pretty girls, splendid horses, and Kentucky tradition into a shimmering web of eloquence.

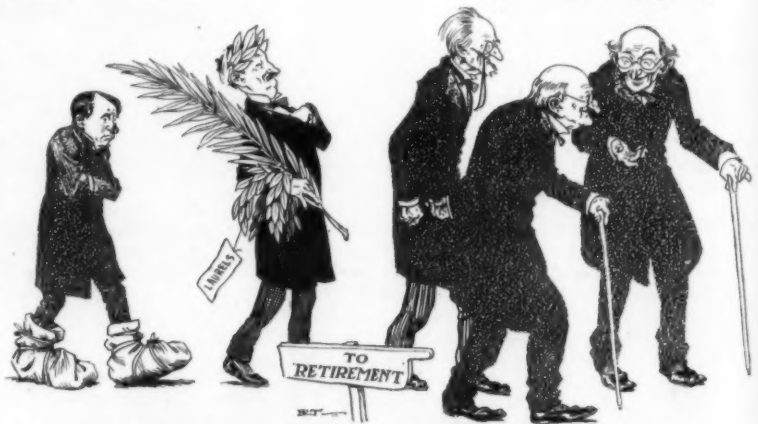
(Continued on page 30)



"It's a one-horse town!" shouted Bartlett. "I deny it!" shouted Smith. "I don't care if you do," said Bartlett. "A better man than you denied Christ"

political sarcophagi when they were shipped out of Washington last week—not as many as in 1913, when the mortality, owing to the rift in the elephant in 1912, was something frightful to compute, but an unusually large number, owing to the success with which the said elephant reassembled himself last fall and ejected bumptious usurpers from his favorite feeding places. Over 100 Congressmen folded up their careers when the late Congress came to a close. Some of them marched on into the Senate. Others retired from age, satisfied ambitions, cold feet, and other disabilities. And others went to battle and perished nobly, faces to the foe. But whatever the cause of departure, each one has left a hole. The House of Representatives contains 435 members, each of whom is a man of individuality enough to wring a rich prize from 40,000 voters; and whatever that individuality may be he proceeds, when he comes to Washington, to radiate it among his fellow members and to make a place for himself in the marble halls.

One of the greatest bereavements has been produced by Congressman Charles Bartlett of Georgia, who has left voluntarily after twenty years of hectic and interesting service. It is said that he is to have a Federal judgeship, and it is also asserted that when he insisted on retiring the said judgeship was created in order that it might be graced by his presence. He had long been known as the most dangerous and lovable man in Congress. Time after time in the heat of debate he has been dissuaded physically from shredding up fellow members without jarring the affection of said members in the least. He was noted for his temper, his knowledge of constitutional law, and his unswerving and belligerent affection for Georgia. It is recorded that at one time while Bart-



Some retire from age, others from satisfied ambitions, cold feet, and other disabilities



# THE FENCE BREAKER

BY WILLIAM BULLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

MY FRIEND, Tim Duffy, is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Grand Old Winter League. Every Friday evening during the off season we get together in Raub's for a dollar table d'hôte and baseball chatter. Tim does most of the talking. He likes nothing better than to relate his experiences as a big-league scout; I like nothing better than to listen. On the occasion I am talking about he had praised Raub for excellent things, from anchovies to Camembert, and I knew he was keen to start. So I lit up one of Raub's nine-inch Connecticut Havanas and, sitting back, puffing complacently, nodded to Tim. I was all attention.

"Did I ever tell you the story of Larry Geegan?" he asked, knowing right well it was a new one to me. "Well, he was an Irisher, like myself, and a red-head, too. 'Red' Geegan the boys all called him, and the name fit no matter how you take him.

"It was four, no, five—no, it was six years come next August. You wouldn't think it was that long since Merkle forgot to touch second and Evers smart-Alecked Chicago into the pennant? I was out for McGraw that summer. He had me runnin' like a will-o'-the-wisp all over the bushes, lookin' for a pinch hitter. He had a couple of heavy marksmen in his line-up—Donlin and Bresnahan was hittin' them some that year—but he wanted a man he could hold on the bench until the time came for him to walk up to the plate and put the game on ice by floatin' the pill over the Harlem River into the Bronx. He kept me trackin' down through Texas and Tennessee, and up through Georgia, and out through Indiana and Illinois and Michigan—but it looked as if they was all false alarms in the tall grass that year. I guess I'd done twenty-five thousand miles by the middle of August, and was comin' north after passin' up a shine in Coytesville, Md. It was sizzlin' hot, and I was both tired and disgusted, and had made up my mind to slip down to Atlantic City for a day or two to rest myself a million miles away from the bummiest lot of minor leaguers I'd ever clapped eyes on.

"Well, the express pulls into Philly and I'd just grabbed my grip from the Pullman porter when who does I see gettin' off after me but my old chum, Andy Kavanaugh, sportin' editor of a Harrisburg daily. Andy was the boy that had Anson grab me long ages ago, and started me on my ten years in the big show. He could hardly wait to shake hands, he was that anxious to tell me he'd dug up another wonder.

"Have you heard of him, Tim?"

"Nope. Who?"

"He's a better prospect than you was twenty-five years ago."

"Open up, Andy. What's he battin'?"

"Say, Tim, he's got Cobb and Jackson nailed to the mast. He's whalin' time out of every pitcher he goes up against. Matty, nor Miner Brown, nor Bender, nor none of them, can stop this bird."

"For the love of Mike, Andy, put me hep, won't you?"

"Do you know what they call him: The Fence Breaker. As fast as they put up advertisin' signs in the outfield he knocks them to smithereens. He's ripped a horn off the bull and busted the two eyes of it; if they don't hold him back he'll break every rib in its body."

"Can the fancy stuff, Andy. I've been tryin' for the last three months to fill an order for a walloper from walloperville; and all I want you to do is to lead me where I can get a peek at your bullfighter and not have my head carried off by any of the flyin' missiles."

"His name's Geegan—Larry Geegan."

"'Tis a good name for a ball player. A man of that name ought to come natural by his battin' eye."

"If you don't get after him quick some other scout will grab him."

"Well, the long and the short of it was, I give up the Atlantic City sands for a flyin' trip back along my tracks, and drops off the next mornin' in Midville, Pa. That was where Mither Geegan lives. It was one of them coal towns—with the wooden shacks as like as not any minute to sink into the earth, the way they'd burrowed under it and the surroundin' country. But the coal town is a good place to grow ball players; why, the devil himself couldn't tell you.

"I registers myself in the one-horse Hotel Midville as Peter Brown of Philadelphia, and gives out that my line is boys' and men's ready-mades, with my sample trunks to follow me. I finds out that the Midvilles and the Coveys is to play that afternoon, and I'm hopin' I'll be telegraphin' McGraw before night, and that John J. and myself will be puttin' Red

"And who looms up on the grassy sward but Larry Geegan, wearin' his old green uniform with 'Midville' across his manly bosom"



through his paces at a private tryout at the Polo Grounds at ten o'clock the next mornin'. There's the customary bunch waitin' downstairs to amuse any stranger that blows in and line up against the bar. Well, I does the graceful thing, and when they're showin' they know somethin' by blowin' the top off their suds I drops the remark I'd like to hear how to spend a pleasant afternoon.

"Like one man they comes back and tells me to try the ball game."

"That'd do nicely," I says, 'but after gorgin' myself all summer like a glutton on the choice stuff the Phillies and the Pirates and the Cubs dishes up, I don't think I'd care partic'lar to see a ball game between the Midvilles and the Coveys, thank you.'

"You oughta heard them. Lucky I was they didn't all pounce on me and tear me to bits in less'n a minute. What? Better ball tossers in the big league? Wait. Go out to the ball park and see. Of course they mightn't have two teams all in Class A, but Larry Geegan—he was the boy. He was the laddo could lambaste the horsehide. Jimminy Christmas! When Larry Geegan swung once, that was all—the game was over—unless they had another ball. And say, if Larry wasn't soon in the big league showin' up Hans Wagner and Ty Cobb for pure shines, why, Midville knew nothin', knew nothin' at all, at all.

"I enjoys this kind of gabble for a couple of hours or so, and then shakes them when they wants me to go out and see their first citizen with my own eyes and stand in proper awe of him. Where I wants to see my man is on the diamond and nowhere else; that's where a ball player shows himself; not posin' and struttin' in front of the Midville grocery and the Midville drug and pharmacy.

"THE game was down for three-thirty, and I pays my two bits and tries to lose myself in that mob of rooters, most of them with the coal dust only half washed off. I was sittin' straight behind the catcher; that's the place to see how your cyclone batter handles himself. You can see what the pitcher's feedin' him, and what he bites on, and all what he's got. Well, the two nines trots out, and of all the roarin' I've heard that was the most powerful. You'd think them Midville fans had been savin' their breath for a month of Sundays, the air was thick with the coal dust they blows off themselves. And what was the cause of it? Nothin' more or less than the sight of one Larry Geegan marchin' across the green there so proudly with his cap in one hand and his war club in the other, and bowin' and scrapin' for all like one of them fancy-steppin' horses in Ringlin' Brothers.

"Here's where he comes, my baby," I says to myself. "Now let's see what you got."



"He had the build all right and the makin's in general. He could come through the average door, but he'd have to make it sideways, his shoulders was that wide. And his hands were promisin', containin' the makin's of fair-sized to middlin' hams; and he went down to the ground with that sort of taperin' effect that tells you of speed and shows you a man with a usable body for diamond wear—that is, if he's got the heart and the fire and all the rest that goes with it, and which you can't see nohow until the fight is on and growin' hotter every minute.

"Well, sir, they opens up the performance, and in the first innin' my boy, Larry, makes a hard run and gobbles up a Texas leaguer as if he was takin' a butterfly in a net. 'That's the stuff,' I says, talkin' to myself again, which is a habit I have when one I'm watchin' is workin' up to snuff. He was out in center, and the next thing I sees is the ball scorchin' across the diamond, goin' through the legs of the stiff on second and burnin' up the ground straight for Larry. I've seen fielders in the big tent wait for them boys to come to their mit, but Red wasn't afraid of takin' chances or havin' an error marked up against him. He came in like a runaway and picked the scooter off the daisies at his shoe tops. I stands right up and hollers—me, a crusty old scout!—and I fair cracked the air with my screechin' when, without wastin' a motion, Larry comes up and pegs perfect to first, gettin' his man by no more than the law allows, but gettin' him for the third out.

"He's got a head; he's got a head," I says to myself. 'Why, you darned coal miner, you've done what nine out of ten of the big leaguers wouldn't think to do—like as not any of them would have tried a fool throw to the plate, and then a run would have been in and a man on first. Instead of that, the side's out—Red, I'm pullin' for you, pullin' for you strong.'

"Think of me sittin' there, will you? After my twenty-five thousand miles of travelin' I was thinkin' I had him at last. I'd gone racin' through twenty States lookin' for just such a youngster as I seen out in the field there. It means somethin' when a scout feels he's happened on one like that; unless you've traveled them twenty-five thousand miles and met nothin' but bums every place you've dropped off to look them over, you can't know what it means.

"Oh, you red-headed beauty," I keeps sayin' to myself as the Midvilles come in. 'You field like that and you're hittin' above .400. Well, well!'

"I had time for a breathin' spell. Covey had a nifty little box man, and he retires them one, two, three. My Redhead was down for clean-up man, but I could afford to wait. It was pleasant after his classy fieldin' to sit and picture what he'd do when he came up there to show how easy it was for him to pull off a .400 average. Covey got a run across in the second, but it didn't interest me—Red wasn't concerned. Then it comes Midville's turn again, and when I sees Geegan takin' up his bat I couldn't just sit still. I was the first of all that yellin' mob on my feet, and I let her go with one fearsome whoop: 'Come on, Larry, you boy, come on!'

"Of course Larry couldn't hear me in all that din, but a man down a couple of rows in front did catch my voice, and he looks back and begins to get excited, jumpin' up and down and tuggin' on his neighbors to look at me. I seen by his looks he was a real drummer guy, and I knew he'd spotted me. But it was too late for me to find cover, and I could only cuss myself good and proper for lettin' my feelin's get the better of me. Still, after twenty-five thousand—

"Hey, everybody, here's a big-league scout watchin' Larry Geegan. That's Tim Duffy what's scoutin' for McGraw."

"The game was held up, that's all. With the first noise out of that dog-gone drummer, attention came



to me, until in no time at all the whole crowd was wise to it. And I wouldn't have had it happen, not for a million, but there's nothin' to do but stick it out. And what with the mob yellin' like blue blazes, that was some excitement.

"Oh, you, Larry, you big Giant! Give my regards to Matty! Say, Red, you'll win the pennant for Muggsy! What train is you and the scout takin'?"

"That's the way they was shoutin', with me watchin' Geegan through it all and likin' the front he was makin'. He's as cool as a piece of ice, but a-smilin' and proudlike, which is a good thing to see in a ball player. They've got to come chesty or they don't come at all; and Larry was the chesty boy. You've seen a gamecock struttin' round, preenin' itself—well, that was Redhead. Not foolishlike, but as if he meant business. He was there to do a certain job, and he was proud to be doin' it.

"Mr. Umps shouts 'Play ball' as if he'd bust a lung, and the crowd settles down to see Larry wallop her. He takes his stand at the plate, and I claps my eyes on him and keeps them there. I knows that the very next move he makes will decide everythin'; and then the little Covey pitcher winds up and I sees the ball comin'—a straight, fast one, clean across the middle. And Larry swings and he hits her—away she goes, sailin' for the middle of the next county. But, fast as she goes, she doesn't go half as fast as my heart into my shoes. And the crowd hollers like mad Indians, and Larry takes off his cap and waves it friendly to me as he trots round the bases. And there's the most terrible shoutin' that doesn't stop, everyone wantin' me to sign Larry on the spot.

"What do you think of our baby boy?" I hears them askin' me. 'Isn't he the lallapaloosa? He's the good-night kiddo all right, all right! Oh, won't Johnny McGraw just love him!"

"And they keeps it up as if they'd never stop, and all I does is sit there feelin' as blue and sorrowful as if I'd just lost my best girl, and thinkin' I'd have to begin that twenty-five thousand miles all over again. And the game goes on, and Larry Geegan comes up again and pushes one over first for a clean single, then turns round and steals second with as pretty a hook slide as you could wish for. But I'm not interested. All I'm thinkin' of now is how I can get out of Midville with a whole skin on me. I knows if I was to as much as whisper 'turn down' to that crowd they'd lynch me without lettin' me say my prayers. So I resorts to strat'gy. I gets up and says out loud: 'When the game's over tell Larry Geegan I wants to see him in my room in the hotel.' Then, with them all cheerin' me to the echo, I lights out, fully expectin' to be miles out of Midville by the time the ninth innin' comes round.

"I hurries back to the hotel and there isn't a soul on desk save the old bloke, half deaf and dumb, what owns the dump. 'What's the first train out of town?' I shouts in his ear, and he replies: 'Seven-fifteen.' 'Not before that?' I calls, all worked up, and he shakes his head.

"Well, there I was in a fine little mix-up. I

thought of hirin' a rig and disappearin' across country, but the liveryman was out at the game. There wasn't a chance of spendin' a nickel in all Midville except by buyin' one of the hotel's five-centers from the crippled old warrior behind the desk. So I decides to wait and see the fun through; and after an hour or so I hears them comin' cheerin' up the street. I listens and gathers that Geegan's battin' average for the day is .750, and the crowd is tellin' him that's what he'll hit in New York. They carry their hero on their shoulders up to the front of the hotel, myself watchin' the free show from behind the blind of the seven-by-nine room on the second floor. And they walks right in with Larry and hikes him up the stairs. I meets them there and I have my plan all mapped out.

"Boys," I tells them, 'let Larry and me talk a while in private.'

"THEY was more than willin', and they romped down to the ground floor skirlin' and singin' Larry's praises. I takes Geegan into the seven-by-nine, locks the door, and then turns to him.

"Geegan," I says, 'I'm Irish and you're Irish, and I hope we're both good sports.'

"Sure we are, Misther Duffy."

"Well, you know, Geegan, hittin' .400 down here isn't hittin' .400 up at the Polo Grounds."

"I know that, you bet, Misther Duffy, but I can give away 100 points and still be hammerin' them out round .300. And that's enough to get by on, isn't it?"

"I'll not dispute you there, Geegan, but it's this way: I'll have to come back and see you play again."

"He gives one buck lep and I thought he was goin' to ate me. 'Spit it out,' says he. 'I'm not afraid to hear it. What you're tellin' me is that I'm not good enough for fast company, isn't it?"

"Somethin' in the way he took it made me bold. 'I'm not denyin' you're a rattlin' good man, Geegan, but, say, what do you want to go up to the big league for? Aren't you the greatest man ever put foot in Midville, not barrin' the President of the United States, if he ever was here or ever will be?"

"Sure I am," says Geegan back quite natural.

"I puts my hand on his shoulder, tryin' to make it some easier for him. 'Larry, my boy, if I was in your shoes, I'd be happy to be the one big frog in a little puddle.'

"He wasn't as mad as he was puzzledlike. 'What makes you think I'm a boob player?' he asks.

"Don't call yourself a boob player," I fences with him. 'You're one mighty walloper, Larry, but playin' in the big show is different than playin' here in Midville. You'll admit that, won't you admit it?' I presses him, tryin' to turn his mind aside.

"Well, he takes it hard, but no more than a man should, especial' a man with the red wig like he got. And he goes down and tells the crowd he's not signed up, and stands on the stairs and cows them when they shout bloody murder. I sticks close to my room, and I'm the happiest man alive when it

comes time for me to get that seven-fifteen train. I slips out the back way, for I was takin' no chances; and I gets into the waitin' room and tries to lose myself in a corner. It's about five minutes of train time and I wonders why there's no one round. Then I hears an awful shoutin', and I looks out of the window and sees what's up. Down the street comes Larry Geegan, all dressed up, and all Midville 'scortin' him.

"Holy mackerel," says I to myself. 'What's in the wind now?"

"The Midville Fife and Drum Corps was on the job, but you couldn't hear whether the tune was 'Conquerin' Hero' or 'Hail to the Chief,' what with all the yellin' the populace was doin'. And they invades the waitin' room and half drags me out, and I finds myself face to face with Larry, smilin' like a sunburst. And he has a yellow slip in his hand, and when he hands it to me I see it's a telegram and that it's signed John J. McGraw. And I reads it, and Lawrence Geegan is ordered to report without delay at the Polo Grounds, New York—and that's the cause of all the excitement.

"The crowd quiets down a bit, wantin' to see how I'd take it. I grips Larry's hand and wishes him well, and says we'll travel together. Then all Midville cheers us both, and the air is fair splittin' when the train pulls out with Larry and me standin' on the last platform, our heads bare and bowin' to right and left as if we were emperors. Larry had put one over, and I was willin' to try make his victory a good one. I knew McGraw was takin' a gambler's chance, as he's always doin', bein' a good manager, and I didn't intend to interfere with my boss.

"We hit Jersey City about midnight and I took Larry to a hotel, tellin' him before leavin' him to be sure and show up at the Polo Grounds the followin' mornin'. I was up there myself before ten o'clock practice, but I didn't whisper a word of Larry to McGraw. He tells me, though, he has ordered one of the seven wonders of the world to report to him, the same wonder bein' Larry Geegan of Midville, Pa.

"Not a sign of Larry that mornin', and the big game starts at four o'clock without him showin' up. His hotel tells me by phone he'd gone out hours before, and I'm half-minded to ask the police to find the rube. But I thinks it over and decides McGraw will never miss him.

"It was Matty against Brown that day—and the Giants and the Cubs neck-and-neck in the pennant race. Big Six was cuttin' the corners as well as ever in his life before, and Three-Finger was sure pitchin' one classy game. There was two rows of big goose eggs at the end of the eighth; then Tinker comes up and scratches Matty for a measly hit down the third-base line, Devlin just touchin' it with his finger tips. I thought for a second it might roll foul, but after wobblein' about it went fair by inches. Well, the Chicagos (Continued on page 22)



"Down the street comes Larry Geegan, all dressed up, and all Midville 'scortin' him"



# THE MAN JOFFRE

BY JAMES HOPPER

I SAW him once. "I saw him once"—how will that phrase sound, say, fifty years from now? What reverberations will it awaken in the listener? Will it be like "I once saw McClellan"? or will it be like "I once saw Grant"? Or of still more dramatic import?

No one knows yet for sure. For this war, which to so many has seemed already so long, is as wars go still young. In the obscurities of its catastrophic future reputations are being made and broken. Yet this, at the present time, can be set down as certain: By the European critics and technicians of the bloody art Joffre is considered to be the great leader which it was expected the turmoil was bound to evolve. And his own troops do not consider this: they know it. They call him "Our Joffre."

"I saw him"—will that phrase sound, some time to come, as the "I saw Him," which calls up visions of a gray mantle, a little cocked hat, and the sun of Austerlitz? Who knows?

## "To Final Success"

WE SAW him in the room of a little village school, his headquarters for the time; and when we entered he was seated, working, at the teacher's desk.

He rose, came down from the platform, and walked a few steps toward us. He walked with feet a little apart, placing his big weight firmly on each step, which made him sway slightly from side to side, like a bear. And when he stood he stood with feet apart, the toes turned in the merest bit. I remembered that in past football days we looked our freshmen over with an eye to this. A man who stood with feet apart, toes turned in, was considered good "material." One who stood with feet together, or one foot forward, was N. G.

What first struck me was something I had expected—the massiveness of the man—and then something I had not expected: he was older and more gentle than I had pictured him.

He had a big head, a powerful neck, tremendous shoulders. Though a little below middle size, I put his weight down as two hundred. And that impression of massiveness was heightened by his extraordinary eyebrows. Each was as big as a mustache and tangled like the barbed-wire protections of his trenches. But all this was white. His tousled hair was white. His big drooping mustache was white and his eyebrows were white. The effect was heightened by the fact that his cheeks were rough with a stubble beard—he had evidently discovered that in this war one has no time to shave. Also, that his hair at the back was not down to military neatness, but swept the collar slightly—he had discovered evidently that for his time there was a better use than to get his hair cut.

In his perfectly simple tunic, bare of all insignia with the exception of three little silver stars on the sleeves, his chest bulged big. But below the chest the bulge increased. Several years ago already he must have discovered that there was no time to keep "fit." It was the nation which must be kept fit.

The impression of gentleness came partly from his eyes. They were mild and blue beneath the formidable eyebrows. They were small eyes, in small orbits that had never allowed the lids to stretch themselves fully when closing, so that these lids were wrinkled and pleated and, at the outer corners, folded in two little puckers that held at once possibilities of humor and of cunning. The blue of the eyes had a haziness of dreams.

But besides coming from the eyes, the impression of gentleness came from something else one could not place, from his attitude, from his whole person. There was something remote about him; something like an impalpable vapor enveloped him. He was like a searcher found in his laboratory, a philosopher recalled from his profound meditation, a dreamer from his dream. And the absorption of his labor still clung to him.

It was thus, with the absorption of his late labor still clinging to him, that he said a few words of welcome to us. He stood with feet apart; his head was not erect, but bent forward a little; and, as he searched his thought and the words for it, he looked at the floor ahead of him. His voice was low and soft; now and then, at the end of a sentence, he



raised his eyes as if to see if we understood, and we felt their mild blue light upon us almost like a caress.

When he had finished, one of us, the appointed spokesman, made a little speech. And the last sentence of that speech wished success to the French armies.

Joffre was not wearing spurs; he was carrying no sword. But at that last sentence for our spokesman we thought we heard suddenly a click of spurs struck together, the rattle of a sword, so impressive was the abrupt transformation made in him. His shoulders squared, his old lion's head went back, his entire flesh seemed to pick itself up, as it were, to tighten and rebound. And then from beneath the terrible brows, level at us, there shot out from his two eyes rays like steel-blue shafts from two small powerful searchlights.

He was not looking at the floor now. We almost squirmed in the intensity of his look. And he said: "We did not want this war. It has been forced upon us. We will prosecute it to final success."

To get the full effect of these three sentences one must hear them in French. On account of the lack of tonic accent in that language, he was able to give them the rhythm he wished. I shall try to reproduce the effect by scanning. Something like this:

*"Nous ne voulions pas cette guerre. Nous y avons été forcés. Nous la continuerons jusqu'au succès FIN-al!"*

The word "final" after the long monotony of "nous la continuerons" came like a crash of cymbals.

## Of Work and Vision

WHAT else I know of him I have got at second-hand. And it is when one seeks second-hand information about Joffre that one comes most convincingly against one of his most prominent characteristics—his modesty. It is only a very modest man, one who hates fuss and intrigue, who can have so little history.

He was born on the 14th of January, 1852, at Rivesaltes, in the Pyrenees. It is said that his great-grandfather was a Catalan Spaniard, come to France after some political trouble. However that may be, Joffre's grandfather, after the loss of his wife, rather abandoned his family, so that Joffre's father prac-

tically brought himself up and was only a poor cooper when Joffre was born. Luckily, some years afterward, he received a small heritage, which enabled him to send France's future general to school. And at the age of seventeen young Joffre was ready for the Polytechnic. At the competitive examinations for that famous school he was number fourteen. And the reason he was only number fourteen was that he was not very good at German. He has become good at it since.

The war of 1870 broke a year later. Young Joffre served as sublieutenant in the intrenched camp of Paris; he made there his first acquaintance with the trenches he was to know so well forty-four years later. The war over, he went back to the Polytechnic and graduated officer in the Engineer Corps.

Then he was put to building barracks. He did this so well that he was asked to build more barracks; he seemed condemned to build barracks all his life. Then some one discovered that he could also build fortifications. So he was put to building fortifications and barracks. He did that well, so he continued to build fortifications and barracks. The Franco-Chinese War broke out. He was sent to China to build fortifications and barracks. Happily the solidity and practicability of his barracks attracted the attention of a man who did not know barracks—Courbet, the head of the French expeditions, an admiral. Admiral Courbet said to himself: "If he can build barracks like that, maybe he can fight." He could fight; and he fought. The next we hear of him he is in Africa. General Bonnier, having pushed far into the desert, had got himself surprised and massacred by the Tuaregs. Joffre, who was of the rear guard, gathered the remnants—and marched to Timbuktu. So quietly and with so little fuss did he do this that few now know that it was Joffre who conquered Timbuktu, the inaccessible, the mysterious.

But his past would not down. They sent him to Madagascar to build some more. This time he built a whole port—Diego-Suarez.

Then he came back to France. He was professor at the War College, and, while gradually he rose rank after rank, was an indefatigable and ferocious "dig" of the science of war. A few years ago everyone agreed he should be at the head of the staff—that is, General in Chief of the armies of France.

He continued to dig. He knew that war was coming. And when the mobilization came, it was made along the plan prepared by him during six months' terrific labor begun just about six months before war broke out.

There it is—a very simple, straight career. Straight in all meanings of the word, free of the slightest taint of intriguing, of gallery playing, of charlatanism. A career of work and of vision. If republics still must have generals, he is the model pattern for all generals of all republics.

Of his domestic life it is incredible how little can be discovered. Which proves that he has a domestic life indeed, for it is only of the domestic lives which are least domestic that one learns much. He is married and has children—two daughters, I think. They lived in a little simple house of Passy, a suburb of Paris. The little house is at present empty, and neighbors place flowers on its steps. But here, after his mighty labor of many hours at the War Office, Joffre used to come religiously every evening and did not go out again. He is not a "dashing" officer; he is not afraid to be bourgeois. And they say that he loves music and sings, that in the evening he would sing for his children and his wife. I don't know why, but I hope he sings badly. Old-fashioned romances, with trills, badly. That would add something touching and wistful to his otherwise square and rustic personality.

At Rivesaltes, where he was born and where he spent his childhood and to which he comes back at times for a vacation, he is remembered as a good, quiet, silent boy. They have seen him come back there often, a captain, colonel, a general of brigade, of division, of army corps, of army, a general in chief—and still he has been the good, quiet, silent boy, simple and affable, a little dreamy, low and slow of speech, but with a latent lightning in his blue eyes.

(Continued on page 28)



# THE NARROW MARGIN

BY HELEN BAKER PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR



"DON'T forget the exposition of 1915," quoted Bertha in mockery. "You bet I don't, Annie!" She poured a quart of candy strawberries into an imitation cut-glass dish. "Remember it? Won't it take the roof off my head? It's been lucky to have a shack, though, since the fire. I can't get ahead somehow with Retta's back and all. Just look at the goose flesh on my arm. You take my advice, Annie, and go back to Minnesota, where it gets down to forty below, and put your feet on the base-burner and get warm!" Annie did not hear, being busy with the clasp of a twenty-five-cent chain of coral beads and a young man at the hose counter.

"That fog," accused Bertha, "goes through me like a knife."

She should have worn her sweater. It was part of her daily wardrobe, for it is cold near the always opening door of the particular emporium that profited by Bertha's services. Indeed, she put the sweater on as regularly as she hooked her little twenty-inch black skirt. But the sweater was gray. Now, while a gray sweater may give warmth, it takes its toll in youth and beauty. That day Bertha wanted those assets for herself.

She was dressed up in a bargain brooch and a new velvet band about her yellow hair. On her peg in the coat room hung a large heavy black velvet hat and a little underweight jacket with a cotton lace frill (a frill being the necessity of the moment) pinned in its right lapel. She meant, before the day was over, to indulge in a bunch of violets, for which luxury she would dispense with luncheon, only with her it had one syllable.

The first thing one noticed about Bertha was her hair—yellow as gold, thick, long, and wavy. Like spun silk, little tendrils lay on her temples and moved with her breathing. One noticed that she was slender. But the wonder of her was her eyes, full of question, with, away back of the place where they were blue, an entreaty like the eyes of a child.

That morning there was a tiny wrinkle of worry on her pale forehead, and she was absent-minded, having already, thus early, sold taffy at chocolate prices, and vice versa. To the management the first mistake was a joke; the vice versa a crime. She looked nervously now and then up and down the aisle.

A hurrying, jostling crowd filled the store.

"Ain't everybody having a good time?" said Annie wistfully—poor little Annie, who thought that sum-mum bonum meant a good time. "They say that San Francisco spends more on things to eat than any other city of its size in the world. I was reading it in a paper."

"That so?" Bertha answered absently, busy with her problem.

"Say, but you're dressed up to-day! It ain't what you put on, it's what you left off. It's your sweater! You look ten years younger with that gray—out—of sight. Freeze—freeze to death and look pretty while you're doing it! That's what I say! Who's your friend? Not Andy? You never left off that near-mourning for him! Say! It ain't the swell gentleman with the chocolate appetite?"

Bertha did not answer. Somewhere in the back of her mind she realized that a woman with a mole on her cheek was asking questions, and after what seemed a long time she heard her own voice like the voice of a stranger: "No, madam, that's not California fruit. Those are candy boxes. Papier-mâché, yes. Yes, I think that clock is right. Southern Pacific? I don't know about train times. The station is a few blocks over. No, we don't run a bus. Chicago? Yes—guess they do. Yes, I used to live there. Yes, sir, sixty cents a pound."

The man had intended to buy ten cents' worth of

peanut brittle and let it go at that, and was looking but casually at the chocolates. He bought the chocolates. Bertha, for all the childish blueness of her eyes, had a haughty manner, a sixty-cents-a-pound look, that made a man feel like half the amount if he were caught in the act of saving money for his expensive cigars by means of cheap candy for his wife.

Outside the constantly opening door a one-eyed newsy cheerfully informed space of murder, divorce, suicide, and something vague about the Chiny Zempire, while from the heavy tragedy voice of another one learned that the German Admiralty was plagiarizing Conan Doyle. Within, the store was swarming with people: hurrying men doing errands for their wives; competent, well-fed, well-dressed men; narrow-chested men who were making one last fight with Fate; too thin girls with their too thin hose and their cough; fat, sugar-fed women with long, twinkling chains, long cords with shopping bags on the end, long earrings, long willow plumes, and skirts to their shoe tops.

Does it not seem that it must have been a generation ago? Yet, with willow plumes in vogue, there was advertised the exposition of 1915, with who knows what styles in feathers and skirts.

Many paused at Bertha's counter, where was every variety of candy, from taffy mother used to make to complicated confections that mother would have liked but never had. Many looked at Bertha, many men of many minds. I said she was beautiful. God had been good to her if you look at it in that way. And yet she handed over the ribbon-tied boxes and took the coins in her little blue-veined hand with a certain world-weary hauteur as of one inexpressibly bored. But Bertha was not world-weary. She was only candy-counter weary. Neither was she bored. The aloofness was a pose. Bertha believed that lovely woman should be wooed and won, and she held in bitter scorn Annie, who smiled and puckered her dimples into position when young men with plush fedoras came down the aisle.

THE crowd thinned, scattered like spilled mercury, and Bertha, piling more boxes on the counter, hugged her cold arms across her breast and looked longingly at the candy. No, she did not long for candy. And no, she did not long for a necklace at Shrive's. She longed for a square meal.

Bertha supported a hunchback sister at home, and the grocery bill varied inversely as the square of the doctor bill. The sister—Margaretta was her name because of a book her mother had read—was far more beautiful in the face than any magazine-cover girl. But this is not her story. Margaretta had no story—because of the back. Did you ever thank Heaven for a straight back, for a set of perfectly good vertebrae? If not, then do it now!

Once there had been a father and mother. They were from a suburb of Chicago—that is, the mother was.

The father was from a wobbly stool under a green light, the thirteenth from the end, and he added figures and put the sum down in red ink and then carried the balance forward. He came west two thousand miles to be outdoors; but unless some one is kind enough to tell you to just step out into the back yard, getting outdoors is expensive business, and so, stranded in the desert waste of the city, he had gone on doing the only thing he knew how to do any more—add the debts of those who run accounts. The mother died because she was tired of flowers, died of homesickness, chronic and acute. And then one morning at five-fifteen of the clock the walls made a grewsome curtsy; the world was shaken; and when it was all over, Bertha's father had closed his accounts forever.

"Why couldn't it have been me—with my poor back!" Margaretta complained to God. But you and Margaretta and I do not know why one is taken and another left.

In their nightgowns the sisters spent a day and a night on the hills, watching the city burn; and now, after six years, Bertha, when the day was done, went somewhere on a street car, took a transfer, kept going, dropped in another street car down over a steep hill, ran shivering with fear along the bay as far as would make three blocks—did any streets run into the sea?—and saw the pitiful profile of Margaretta through the one window of a refugee's shack.

And now she must go—in a week, whither she did not know. For there, where hundreds of refugees still lived after six years of futile endeavor to get ahead, was to be built, three years hence, the greatest exposition (according to real-estate literature) that ever was or would be on this earth. "Don't Forget the Exposition of 1915" was the italicized slogan appearing always before one's eyes. Bertha never did.

BERTHA, then, had Margaretta, a candy-counter income, and ambition. Ambition bloweth where it listeth. Bertha's was for a square meal. When she came home at night she sniffed inquiringly for all the world as though she thought it might be something French instead of stew. It was always stew in some reincarnation. Stew has nine lives. At night, when Bertha woke to hear the green bay lapping the piers, the boats like phantoms in the fog going slush, lush, slush, lush, she lay very still be-



Leaning, he knocked over a neat pyramid of butterscotch. At the sound she started nervously and turned



side Margaretta and imagined what it would be like if some time she might go to the theatre where the wished-for comes to pass after having first gone to some place like Techau's for a square meal.

Once, at noon, a cheese sandwich and a wedge of pie not being sufficient to occupy the hour, she had walked out and timidly looked in at Techau's. There had been oranges and lemons hanging tantalizingly from the ceiling, and expensive paper roses climbing expensive pasteboard latticework. There had been rose-shaded lighted candles on the tables and menu cards leaning lovingly against the water bottles, and suave, elegant men—elegant with the incomparable French elegance of American waiters, and a band was playing "O Night of Love." The suavest, the most elegant, asked Bertha if she would be served. Blushing violently, she backed through the door and asked him if he had happened to see her umbrella—yes, a lady's umbrella, with a plain wood handle.

A square meal first then; for, the imminence of the immaterial to the contrary, the stomach we have always with us. But away in the back of her mind, on the horizon glowing with immortal youth, she cherished the hope of a fortunate marriage. She had read in fiction of beautiful girls, even girls who were, the authors said, not beautiful, but only had something about them that couldn't be put into words (Bertha did not know that authors cannot afford dictionaries)—poor girls who had married men of wealth, even men of title. Bertha did not know it was fiction. She thought it was statistics.

NOW, Andy loved Bertha. But Andy, though a man of title, was not a man of wealth. He was an official guide on a seeing San Francisco automobile. Once he had a career before him. On a never-to-be-forgotten night, back East, he had looked up, but half comprehending, into a sea of faces and he had sung, sung as one can whose throat was intended for song from the beginning of time. The career of Andrew Delsart is still before him. He will never catch up with it. Art is long and the traveling expenses are high. The money that was to be spent on the ticket to success was spent on doctors for his little sister. It is not the first time that Fate has been able to amputate hope without an anesthetic. Andy went west. He made a very good guide and was considered something of a wit by tourists who go down to the sea in ships and traveling salesmen who order recklessly, at the company's expense, on a Santa Fe diner.

Twice a week he told Bertha he loved her. But Bertha looked higher. Had not Andy until recently an ailing mother to support, and did he not confess frankly and continually to being "hard up"? Might she not, by waiting, make a fortunate marriage? Such things had happened before, and her little looking-glass was witness to the fact that it might happen again. At first, therefore, during earlier years, she had told him to cut it out; now, learned in the conversation of heroines, she besought him: "Ah, go, Andy! Go! And never let me see your face again!"

On the afternoon of a day that sought out the marrow in one's bones and made one marvel that roses could be out without their flannels on—the afternoon, to be exact, of the day that Bertha left off her gray sweater—a seeing San Francisco automobile filled itself up by dint of persuading passers-by and a diligent scouring of the hotels. Andy presided at the megaphone.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Andy through the horn in a rich, pleasant voice that made up in oratorical inflections and climactic pauses what it lacked in final g's, "the part of the city through which we are now goin' in the safest car in the city, driven by a chauffeur which we have imported from London, is practically all built since the great fire of six years ago. Remember this, ladies and gentlemen, it was the fire and not the earthquake that did the damage. The earthquake itself was slight" ("What a lie! Lord, what a lie!" he told himself as he took in a breath), "but you behold a new city, a better city, a bigger city, built on the ruins of the old!" He took the megaphone from his lips, paused again for breath, and, after the habit of years, made an inventory of the thirty human beings before him—beginning with the large hat with purple plumes on the back seat. There was, after all, a woman under

it, but she seemed quite incidental. "The horrors of that fire," went on Andy, his eye traveling from the purple hat to the sagging veil of a woman with a notebook, "are past comprehendin'. Honor is due the firemen of this city who fought hour after hour, not knowin' where their wives and children were—and no water to fight it with on account of the water mains bein' broken," he added with impulsive rapidity out of his own private fund of information.

A man on the front seat laughed unpleasantly.



The combers were rolling in monotonously, inevitably. He took out his watch. "We've got to hurry, folks; we've stayed a little too long"

"Some quake that, to break the mains," he sneered; "must have shaken things up clear down to the jumping-off place. And it may do it again to-night for all you know." He appeared to blame Andy for the earthquake, and made derogatory comments about the climate and thought New York was the only place on earth. Andy looked him over.

He was a large, well-fed man, who appeared never to have missed a meal and to have had some refreshments between times. Pink were his plump cheeks and expensive gray suede covered his plump hands which clasped an expensive umbrella handle. When he opened his fur-lined coat and took out his big gold watch to complain that Andy hadn't started on time, a jade fob and a diamond shirt stud filled Andy with a curious anger. He had always hoped one day to own a diamond stud. The man, too, wore a plush fedora, a bit of sartorial extravagance of which Andy had also dreamed. He was painfully conscious of the frayed edges of his high stiff ulster collar, his ancient felt hat, his woolen gloves.

THE man on the front seat was what is technically known as a nifty dresser, but the veneer was off in places, and Andy saw beneath. Expensive massage had not done away with little bags of flesh under the shifty eyes that continually sought the well-dressed San Francisco women on the sidewalks, in passing carriages and automobiles, and over the cheeks were those fine lines—railway tracks that record the soul's far journeys.

"A wolf," said Andy to himself in disgust, "a wolf." Andy, after six years' experience in the daily clinic of a public touring car, was good at diagnosis.

He raised the megaphone to his mouth, his eye on the yellow eye of the wolf, his troubled thought on the third button of his ulster. The button was loose, and a little black linen thread hung and moved in the wind. "On the hill to your right," he said, "you see a few of the refugee shacks, thousands of which sheltered the homeless at the time of the great fire. There are hundreds of these on the harbor. These—" Andy paused, forgot the button, remembered other things. His eyelids closed for a moment. "These will be—will be done away with, as they are on one of the many sites of the Exposition of 1915, the greatest exposition that ever was or will be on this earth—Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915!"

The megaphone appeared to need attention, and Andy leaned over it. "Where'll she go?" questioned

Andy of space. "For God's sake, where'll she go?" But one must earn his salary—especially if it's small.

The "wolf" was not listening, relishing some racy tidbit that fell from the lips of his companion, one like himself. The city had ceased to interest them. Phrases of their conversation drifted up to Andy's ears as he told the ladies and gentlemen that they were rapidly approaching Golden Gate Park, the largest artificial, hand-made park in the world, with thirty thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, some of which he had forgotten.

"These," said Andy, "are eucalyptus trees, immigrated from Australia. You see the leaves of some of them are a little red. They are blushin', thinkin' how green they were all summer."

And then he heard it from the mouth of the "wolf." A name, the name of Bertha, his Bertha of the candy counter. A place—the Techau Tavern. An hour—6.15 that night.

Andy lowered the megaphone with a nerveless arm. Mechanically he reached for his watch. After a while he could see out of his burning eyes that it was 4.45.

But one must earn his wages. "We are now enterin' Golden Gate Park, from which—from which we shall get a view of Golden Gate—" Bertha—Bertha—where would she go? "The famous Dutch windmill on your right was the gift of a renowned Frenchman—Denise O'Brienne." The car whizzed on. The "wolf" and the other wolf turned indifferent eyes to the beauty about them. "We are passin'," Andy said wearily, "a peacock paddock. It contains one peacock. The peacock," quoted Andy absently, his story long since an automatic affair, "is not an intellectual bird. She doesn't have to be. She's a swell dresser." The "wolf" heard the joke.

The car emptied itself at the Sutro Gardens, and the thirty and Andy walked about through the paths. The imported chauffeur went for a drink at what Andy in his distress had forgotten to point out as "another life-saving station." The woman with the purple hat spent all her time holding it on. Andy kept close to the "wolf." A push over the cliff now, a gripping of the fat throat, a blow where it would count—it would be over in a moment. He looked out to sea. The combers were rolling in monotonously, inevitably. So was 6.15 coming, and no man could set back the hands on the clock of Fate.

He took out his watch. "We've got to hurry, folks; we've stayed a little too long."

"Any time, any time," drawled the "wolf," and when he laughed a tooth showed like a fang. "It's all in the day's work. We got to kill time somehow. Back to the city, is it? All right!" He, too, looked at his watch, the big gold watch with the jade fob. "What time we get back?" It seemed to Andy that there was a gleam of anticipation in his yellow eye.

The thirty filled the car again. Andy whispered to the imported one and a coin passed between them. "Drive, Moses, drive like the deuce!" The car jumped and sprang forward like a live thing.

On the way back Andy continued his story, not knowing what he did, like a child's mechanical toy. He was wound up and he went off. He even called the attention of ladies and gentlemen to the two California peaches, and remembered to assert after the car whizzed by at forbidden speed that he was mistaken; one was a lemon. He did not know what he had said until he heard the "wolf" laughing. "A lemon! Wow, what a joke! I should say she was a lemon! Oh, well, they've got some good lookers out here!" He looked at his watch again.

At 5.40 Andy paused in his rapid walk down Market Street at the always opening glass door. He could see Bertha without being seen. At times she looked toward the door, her eyes wide and darker than he had thought them to be. At times she fingered the brooch at her throat. Again, too, her hand went to her mouth, and he saw her little white teeth at her knuckles.

As he looked life became to Andrew Delsart a complicated puzzle. Bertha was lovely, lovelier than any woman he had ever seen. If she had fine clothes now! Yes, that was what she ought to have—clothes! A big purple hat (he clothed her in his mind lovingly, sparing no expense), a long sealskin coat or an evening cloak the color of gold, little velvet slippers, those long wrinkled white kid gloves. And she expected these (Continued on page 26)





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**GERMAN SOLDIERS IN EAST PRUSSIA** preparing to cook a meal on a little stove in front of a pine-brush lean-to. Their fur-lined coats and rubber boots are a part of the story of German efficiency in equipment. The snapshot was taken near the scene of the battle of the Mazurian Lakes, where, under the eyes of the Kaiser, Von Hindenburg's forces smashed Russia's Tenth Army of 165,000, killing or wounding 30,000, taking over 50,000 prisoners, and driving the rest back across the East Prussian border

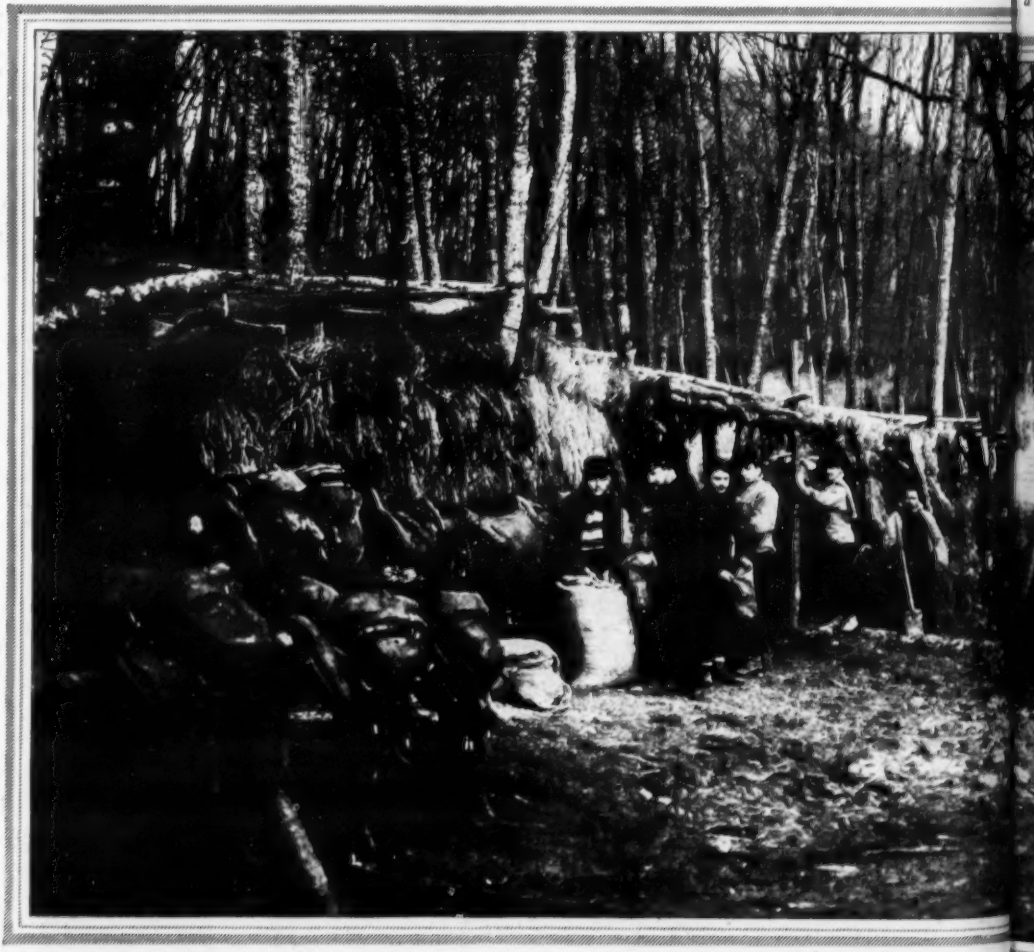
**POLISH RESIDENTS** of Sochaczew, in the Bzura district west of Warsaw, viewing the ruins of their homes. The suffering in Russian Poland and in Galicia exceeds by far the misery in Belgium and northern France. To borrow General Phil Sheridan's phrase, the people are left with "only their eyes to weep with"



## The Russ Recoil and



**MINES AND GRENADES FOR THE RUSSIANS.** A German first-line trench apparatus, and the bearded one above him has a mine in his left hand. At the left are holding grenades in their hands. The soldier resting on his



**A FRENCH ARTILLERY CAMP** in the Woëvre district just west of the Vosges Mountains, where, as along the rest of the front, the French use the thatched houses and use the others as stables for their horses. The average living quarters of the French, British, and American



# l and the French Deadlock



...t-line trench  
...left hand.  
...sting on his  
...Warsaw. The man at the extreme right is holding a trench mine-throwing  
...er left is a mounted air gun for throwing grenades, and the two men sitting  
...a periscope with which to peep over the trench wall without exposing his head



French snapshots by the Modern Photo Service

A MODEL WINTER HUT built by French soldiers in the Woëvre region in France. Assured three or four months ago that the deadlock in the west would not be broken before spring, these men, like hundreds of thousands of their fellow troopers on either side of the firing line, put up a house that would last a long time. Their attention to important details is evidenced by the stone and concrete roof and the glass wall in front. They named their hut "Villa mon Plaisir" (Pleasure Villa)

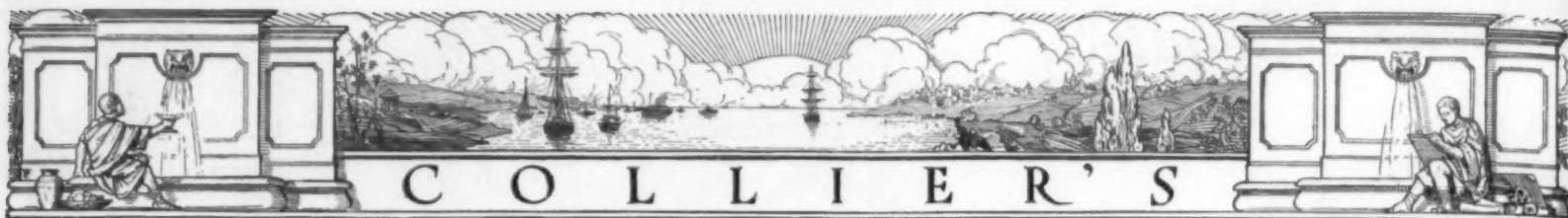
GENERAL JOFFRE, the French commander in chief, giving orders to a subordinate general. Joffre is a severe taskmaster. He dismissed fourteen brigadiers in one day, regardless of personal or political considerations. And some of his critics are as exacting as he is. They say General Castelnau is the real genius of the army



g the rest  
ench, British  
le line in France, the contending armies have measured their gains and losses by yards. The men occupy some of the  
gions are by no means luxurious, but they are much more comfortable than the winter camps of armies in former wars







### How to Learn War

**C**RAWL THROUGH THE TRENCHES of an unfinished sewer excavation in the slush and cutting wind of a sleet storm. Touch off a few sticks of dynamite from time to time to keep you unaware of the lack of regular meals, and have an obliging policeman empty his revolver occasionally in your general direction. Four or five early morning hours of this will make you forevermore a real neutral.

### Wheat

**T**HE FIRST THING to remember about wheat is that it is one of the world products, raised everywhere, used everywhere, easily and cheaply shipped, durable and highly standardized. Its price is a world price. Anyone doubting this can get valuable information from the bankruptcy records of the various attempts to "corner" wheat. The market price, fixed by world conditions, is the great regulator. We have had dollar wheat in this country for some years past, and under the stress of war conditions we now have dollar-fifty wheat. This price is largely based on war speculation. Great areas in Europe are growing nothing, and farmers are shooting instead of plowing. On the other hand, the allied fleets have been hammering at the Dardanelles forts to let Russian wheat out of the Black Sea, the Argentine region is becoming a heavy exporter, and India has increased its wheat acreage for this season by 2,500,000 over last year. The sudden drops on the Chicago Board of Trade, running as far as nine cents per bushel, show what the speculators think of the market's uncertainties. The relation between wheat and flour and bread is usually made constant by contracts running months ahead, and it is fairly safe to say that increased bread prices are due to loose marketing conditions and to mere hoggishness rather than to dear wheat. In this line, just as in dry goods and others, we have too many "business" men who make any change a pretext for boosting prices and then try to maintain these prices by bluff, coercion, and fraud. The remedy is publicity and law enforcement. It is too early now to talk of an embargo on wheat or of Government-fixed prices. The principle of supply and demand is still at work.

### Please Don't Cry

**A**CERTAIN CRAPE HANGER writes to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" rebuking a contributor for "having the heart to crack a joke or even smile or experience any enjoyment whatever" while war is going on overseas. This is nonsense. So long as we are men and women we cannot with impunity make ourselves all over just because of silly and tragic events for which we are in no sense responsible. The fact that some of us can laugh and dance and enjoy GRANTLAND RICE's baseball dope doesn't argue that we are heartless—only that we continue to be human beings. Pulling a long face doesn't help the Poles or save the Serbs or feed the Belgians.

### A Commission Fiasco

**I**T SEEMED LIKELY at one time that the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations might do some useful work. The actions of the chairman, Mr. FRANK P. WALSH of Kansas City, have largely destroyed that possibility. To hold spectacular meetings here and there, to condemn vehemently in advance the things you are to investigate, to turn whole sessions into mere gossip reviews of the most prominent men who can be subpoenaed—all this is mere silliness. A Federal commission need not be judicial, but it must be sensible. Perhaps the other members of the commission can get some constructive work done in the time remaining at their disposal, but so far this has been just one more waste of Government money.

### Mr. Gunkel's Way

**A**FEW DAYS AGO hundreds of newsboys and other hundreds of Toledo's business men escorted an invalid from his home in Toledo to the railway depot and silently waved an adieu as he was taken to Baltimore for an operation in an attempt to save his life. He was JOHN E. GUNCKEL, local passenger agent at Toledo for the Lake Shore Railroad, universally known as the "Father of the Newsboys." His career as the patron of newsboys began by taking out to dinner one or two street urchins he took a fancy to. That custom grew into a Sunday afternoon entertainment for all the newsboys of Toledo, and annually a big Christmas dinner, the funds for which GUNCKEL used to raise among the business men of Toledo. These gatherings led to a newsboys' association, the by-laws of which prohibited the smoking of cigarettes, and swear-

ing. The boys themselves named their own censors, and these looked after the morals of the crew. If they caught a kid smoking a cigarette or swearing or short-changing a customer on the street, they would report to the association, which assessed the punishment for these offenses. The organization finally took in the newspaper carriers of Toledo, and with the assistance of Mr. A. E. LANG, one-time president of Toledo's street-car system, they built Toledo's famous Newsboys' Home, with swimming pools, gymnasium, reading rooms, etc. GUNCKEL taught the boys the strictest honor, and these wards of his have turned in hundreds of pocketbooks and other valuables found on the streets of Toledo during the course of a year. Out of the Toledo movement grew the National Association of Newsboys, which has an enormous membership. When one modest citizen, without wealth and from a kindly impulse, can do so much of good in the world, how large the opportunities for usefulness ought to seem to all the rest of us.

### What Do You Mean "Matched"?

**S**OME STRAY NEWS ITEM states that thirty-six out of ninety members in the new Nebraska Legislature are farmers, and that there are only four lawyers in the list, and that these "are matched by an equal number of newspaper men." This must be explained. We never yet knew a newspaper man who could match a lawyer and save his car fare out of it.

### Our Friends with German Names

**W**HO, by the way, is responsible for making out that we Americans are unfriendly toward people with German names? A contributor to the Cologne "Gazette"—a rather important newspaper—writes an article purporting to emanate from Rochester, N. Y., in which he speaks of the "persecutions" to which people of German origin are subjected here. It is to laugh! The pro-Germans have gone so far as to say that "an emphatic protest should be entered against every attempted discrimination against the many millions of our citizens who happen to bear non-English names." What are these discriminations? We have heard of none of them, though we have talked on the subject with various "citizens who happen to bear non-English names," including the ones who hold responsible positions on the staff of COLLIER'S. Nobody has heard of "discrimination" or "persecution." Professor FRANCKE of Harvard says on this point:

Of discriminations proposed or attempted against German-American citizens I am unaware. We have every opportunity in this country to make felt what is best in German character and life. Let us continue to do so; let us continue to have a prominent part in all endeavors for political, civic, and industrial progress; let us stand for the German ideals of honesty, loyalty, truthfulness, devotion to work; let us cultivate our language, our literature, and our art; let us fearlessly defend the cause of our mother country against prejudices and aspersions. But let us refrain from political organizations which would set Germans in this country apart as a class by themselves.

This is so admirably spoken that we have nothing to add to it. There is room in America for more than one kind of name—for a name like KUNO FRANCKE, for example.

### Good Indians

**W**HILE THE PIUTES were on the warpath in the back ends of Colorado and Utah, reviving the old days of fear and death and savagery, the Northwestern Federation of American Indians met at Tacoma to urge the suppression of the liquor trade among their race and to devise ways of helping the old and the needy. That contrast tells the story of a half century of progress, and the work will not be undone.

### The Greatest Exposition

**W**ITH HALF THE WORLD AT WAR, San Francisco opens the latest of our celebrations of the arts of peace. Every building was completed, almost every exhibit in place, the exposition was free of debt and had aligned forty-two countries in this festival of the works of man when President WILSON freed the electrical impulse which formally set the wheels in motion. We have had fairs before this, but none so beautiful, none so nobly placed, none that so appeals to the imagination. The canal at Panama has finished the work of the pioneer, our Western coast has come into its own, and here is a great proof of the fact. The variety and scope of our eager nation is to be seen here and seen in its relation, not only to the achievements of our older communities, but also to the promise of the Far East and of South America. Those who can get to San Francisco this year will be rewarded not so much by an in-





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crease of their geographical knowledge or by the thrilling beauty of JULES GUERIN'S marvelous decorations or by the wonders of California's golden days as by the vision of what our country is to become as the free, conquering, democratic spirit of the pioneer goes forth to win its place and do its work in the world that is to be.

### A Fast for the Porkers

THE SENATE finally blotted out the visions of waterway "pork" that floated before the eyes of those eager to "bring home the bacon" by leaving it to Senator BURTON to pass upon items in the River and Harbor Bill. Lack of time, fear of a filibuster, and need of economy combined to force this action, which, besides being a handsome tribute to the outgoing Ohio Senator, is a notable instance of budget making. It was the best thing the Senate could do in the circumstances, but it was only an expedient. We must get rid of the pork barrel by placing direct control of the waterway problem in the hands of a national commission. Congress should pass upon questions of general policy, but ought not to make up the annual budget.

### Our Haul of Fame

GOOD ENOUGH. We've landed some more public benefactors. Letter-writing friends inform us that Topeka and Knoxville are not the only places with druggists frank enough to tell the public the truth about patent medicines. In Seattle, Lee's Pharmacy displays a sign: *Please don't ask us what patent medicines are worth. The question embarrasses us, as they are generally worthless.* A drug store in Quitman, Ga., and three of them in Bridgeport, Ohio, have used the inscription: "We sell patent medicines, but do not recommend them. If sick, consult a physician." The Paine Drug Company of Rochester, N. Y., says in an advertisement: "If you are really sick, you cannot afford to take any chances with any of the thousands of cure-alls." Gilbert Bros. of Sterling, Colo., also Horstman & Kersonbrock of Columbus, Neb., are among the truth-tellers. In Newport, Ky., T. J. Widrig not only warns his patrons against fake remedies, but distributes a folder giving analyses of certain remedies of which the selling price is about three hundred times that of the cost of ingredients. We thank the letter writers for these instances from nine different States. The type of dealer represented in this paragraph has our deepest respect, for, as one of our correspondents points out, "such frankness as is here shown no doubt 'comes high' to the small druggist in the small town, where patent medicines are a relatively large source of income."

### Concerning Jawn Shawp

THE JACKSON (MISS.) "NEWS" quotes some of our remarks about JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS and calls them "compliments from an unexpected source." Continues the "News":

If the average Mississippian could get the view of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS that the outside world is obtaining these days, our people would regard it as nothing short of sacrilege for any man to think of opposing him in the Senatorial campaign next year. The swapping of JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS for any other man in Mississippi to-day would be equivalent to trading a thoroughbred horse for a bone-spavined, knock-kneed mule, mangy and blind, and wholly unfit for any useful purpose.

We don't claim to know much about sacrilege or Mississippi mules, but the "News" is dead right in its main idea. Too few statesmen at Washington represent, not just constituents, but the United States.

### Sarah

SARAH BERNHARDT isn't just an actress. She is an Old Master in that other art—not wholly Yankee after all—"publicity." She has never known fear, and at an age it would be ungallant to mention she has voluntarily undergone a grave operation. Though her best work for the stage was accomplished a dozen years ago at the least, she promises to return to it—and we wish SARAH well. On or off stage, may that tomb of hers on Belle Isle, near the coast of Brittany, stand empty for many years to come; and may the monument for the tomb, to which she

has given her vacation hours—for she is sculptor too!—wait on in the studio, draped in its modest calico. She bridges French dramatic history, does SARAH—and, after the younger DUMAS, what a debt do not RICHEPIN and ROSTAND owe to that golden voice! Just how old SARAH is we refuse to whisper; not so old as the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE, whose physician tells her: "But, your Majesty, you have *already* lived long past the age at which anyone ever dies!" SARAH is the spirit of youth—its fire and energy and imagination. She has carried beauty of word and gesture to the Antipodes. When DE LESSEPS started work at Panama a generation ago, SARAH came out from Paris to the French theatre there, to glorify that fête of Great Expectations—tragically betrayed. If we of the United States managed ceremonies as well as we dig canals, we should be giving BERNHARDT a warship to cruise through that great ditch, and San Francisco would build a theatre named for her—a theatre for all time, like SARAH.

### For Germans—and Others

IF THOSE who accuse us of being anti-German because we condemn Prussian militarism wish to know which of the Teutonic qualities we do admire, let them see a certain clean, touching, and wholesome play which HENRY

KOLKER is now admirably presenting in Chicago. From LOUIS K. ANSPACHER'S Germans in the drama, "Our Children," shine forth the traits of honesty, perseverance, industry, and family devotion. It is these qualities that have endeared the German immigrant to his American neighbors; these that have led him to flee militarism and Prussianism and seek a land overseas as his home.

### Nature at the Bat

THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has discovered that the Yukon River is fifth among North American streams. Geographical fans had predicted that the Yukon would not long remain in the second division of its league, and now they are hoping that the June rise will place the Alaskan river in first place. If it should win the pennant, a host of good wishers will root for it in the world's championship series. Of course this game is not quite so fast as baseball, but it thrills with divine enthusiasm all nature fans of the John Muir type, who think in terms of geological epochs. To them a river that goes on a bat once in three centuries is keeping its batting average up to .300; a mountain range that sags two inches off its base is a dare-devil base stealer; and a glacier that travels two feet in a couple of thousand years is tycobbing a home run on smoking shoe leather! So, you see, we cannot laugh at the geographical and geological fans. They are watching the biggest game of all. Old CHRISTY GRAVITY, their pitcher, totes a curve that he can hurl around the sun and back, and when he swings the bat he knocks sizzling comets clean across the sky.



The German Guard: "If he keeps growing, I shall starve to death!"



# BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

## CHAPTER XII THE LOSS

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IT WAS characteristic of him, once he had decided on the marriage, to see all its present advantages. Barbara in her dark-blue suit, with its touch of scarlet, and the scarlet feather in her hat, her eyes trustful, her face glowing, was sufficiently alluring. She was so utterly his.

"Come along, we're late," he said. "Where is your suit case? We'll not be able to get a train; we'll have to have a car."

As she followed him out of the station he said to her smilingly:

"You'd like to get married first, wouldn't you?"

In a sudden flash of remembrance she saw Rhodes's worshipping face as he had waited for her beside the clergyman while she walked toward him on Gilbert's arm. "I'd certainly like to be married before dinner," she said, falling into Hare's tone. "I'd like to have it off my mind."

He beckoned to a taxicab. "I've already engaged the man," he said as he helped her in. "I've spoken to the minister, too. License in one pocket, ring in another; tooth-brush forgotten; but never mind."

Barbara was glad that they were going to be married by a minister and not by a justice of the peace. She knew that Hare had no religious sentiment, and she took it as a hopeful augury that he had respected hers. Yet she did not feel at all as if she were going to be married, not even when they stood before a benign old minister whose spinster daughter witnessed the ceremony with a wistful look in her eyes. She was a woman who had sat many times at feasts spread for others, yet nothing had dulled her sense of romance. Her face said that she was glad love was somewhere in the world even if it were not for her. Barbara saw her only for a few minutes, but she took away an impression of faith and sacrifice that were an inspiration for many a day. Barbara watched this woman as she made her own responses, repeating the promises she had given on behalf of Rhodes so long ago. Her lips quivered as she heard Hare promise to cleave to her in sickness and in health, for better or worse, until death parted them. That silent reservation, "I promise in case I care to keep the promise," rose up to mock the grave words of the service. Presently they were driving along rapidly in the soft darkness, hand in hand, both of them rather solemn. Hare felt Barbara's hand trembling in his; he felt her nearness; he had a sudden realization of the pathetic side of her love.

"Barbara, oh, Barbara, I'll be good to you," he whispered.

She pressed her face against his arm.

"I know, Leonard," she said.

They left the lights of the city behind, the stars quivered in the dark sky, and now and then they heard voices from little houses. Yet Barbara felt that they were rushing along in a narrow world of their own, with no past and no future. She would have been content to go on so forever.

"We'll not have dinner till close to eight," Hare told her. "My fault for being late."

"As if it mattered," she said.

At last the car stopped and Barbara raised her head. They were in front of a small inn set abruptly against a wall of trees. Hare helped her out and paid and dismissed their driver. A porter took their bags and Hare led her into a homelike-looking office and then upstairs and into a room where a table was set for two.

"Come here, dear," he said. "Come out here."

He drew her upon a balcony. The moon had just risen, and by its dim light she could see a forest stretching before them like a sea.

"Dear little one," he whispered, "we're going to begin over here—not in the mountains again, but close to the good earth. To-morrow we'll tramp and fish, but it shall be a new setting. Do you like it, Barbara?"

"Oh, so much," she said.

She was touched by his sentiment of beginning over, and more hopeful than she had been before. She clung to him, and they stood together in silence until a waiter, anxious to be released for the evening, coughed suggestively behind them.

"Will you come to dinner with me, Mrs. Hare?" Barbara's husband said.

"Yes; and you?"

"Happier even than I thought I'd be," Hare said. "Barbara, you're wonderful."

Ah, surely he must love her—surely he loved her already, Barbara thought. Now that they were really married, now that they really belong to each other, he would forget his treacherous caution, he would read his feelings more generously, more truly,

than he had in the past. She was too inexperienced to know that a man's psychology in love is never the same as a woman's, that biology plays her false. Her husband's exultance of possession she mistook for something larger and more permanent.

"I'll always love the thought of this place," she said as they turned away.

She hoped he would echo the sentiment, but he had perceived a broken buckle upon her suit case and was preoccupied. She smiled at him with indulgent motherliness, but she was the first to leave the room and she did not look back. It was with such futile little pretense that she tried to fortify her self-respect.

They went back to Los Angeles by train. Hare took Barbara to her lodging. When she unlocked the door she threw it wide and said:

"Welcome home, Leonard."

She looked about her little rooms with new eyes. She must make him feel that they were indeed home.

"You'll not send me away now?" Hare said. "You'll let me stay to-night? I can get away in the gray of the morning. It will be perfectly safe; one would think we'd got the rooms on purpose."

Barbara felt a little chilled, but she said gayly:

"Of course I'll not send you away till I must."

"I'll come often and often," he whispered. "You can't get rid of a husband too easily, madame!" Barbara bit her lip. How easy it would have been to make some jesting remark about the facile divorce laws of California—

how easy, if only those same laws had not entered into their bargain.

"As long as you behave lak quality, as Mammy Kate use to say, you may stay in our little home," she said smilingly.

Before he awoke Barbara got up, closed the windows, built a fire in the living room, and made him a cup of coffee. He was to collect many memories of Barbara, but there was none sweeter to him than the picture he opened his eyes to that morning of Barbara, in a scarlet dressing gown, leaning over him, crooning him awake.

"I'm sorry, my darling, but you must go," she said.

"Barbara," he said slowly, "you are the most lovable woman in the world. Put down that cup and come to me."

Ah, but he didn't say he loved her, she thought. "You've only time to drink the coffee. I'll let you kiss me good-by once," she said with a pretty assumption of severity.

"How I enjoy having you slave for me," he said, and at the bottom of her heart she divined that at the bottom of his heart he was pleased that Barbara Langworthy was serving "little Leonard Hare."

When he was ready to go he said: "Look out and see if the coast's clear."

She opened the door and glanced out. A few laborers were going to work, hurrying along in the rain. No one was near and no one was looking.

"All clear," she said.

She clung about his neck. His farewell was all she could have wished. He seized his suit case and made for the door. An early deliveryman, coming around the side of the house, saw him in a casual glance.

(Continued on page 35)



"Or even six weeks," he said. "To be frank with you, Barbara, I don't want to see you again."

She looked up at him with shining, happy eyes. "Anywhere," she told him.

An hour later they were sitting on the balcony, hand in hand once more. Barbara had eaten almost nothing and had rather wondered at Hare's interest in food.

He had told her where they were—eighty miles from Los Angeles, in a corner of the world which few people frequented and where no one they knew would come, since it was so close to Christmas time.

Barbara had given no sign that the allusion to the necessity for secrecy hurt her. She had vowed to make the most of her marriage and of all it promised her. Yet, for all Hare's nearness, for all the pressure of his hand, she could not feel that she was married. Even when he began whispering the ardent words that had been so often on his lips in the high Sierras—even then she had a strange sense of unreality, as if she were daydreaming and would wake up to her old sad doubts about him. It was not until he drew her to her feet lingeringly, whispering that the night air was chill and he must take her inside, that she began to realize that she was alone with her husband.

TWO days later they stood on the balcony telling the forest good-by. It had been a wonderful two days. In their long tramps, their long talks, their long hours of close silence, Barbara felt that they had come back to each other; that whatever they had lost they had regained.

"Have I been tender to you?" he whispered.

"Oh, so good."

"You're happy?"



# A Miracle Man Goes to Jail

Curing the Tin-Can Fakery by the Metal-Bar Method

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

OUR latest type of popular hero in America is the "miracle man." He is discussed over the teacups in Fifth Avenue and over man's-size schooners in East Side bars. He is the hero of a new Cohan drama, a "hit" of Broadway. He is even glorified in the realm of sport, where his name is George Stallings.

But of the miracle man who misuses his powers and comes to grief instead of to glory there has been less discussion. How many, we wonder, know about Moses? Not the Moses whose antiquity disappointed Huck Finn, but Moses the Miracle Man—Elvard L. of Buffalo? Yet as these words are being written, a miracle man is in a state so critical that we doubt if even the application of one of his own No. "00" Duplex Oxypathors, with its polarizer immersed in a fish globe full of cracked ice, could relieve his distress. The "worthy poor" mentioned in his booklet, "Oxypathic Sparks," will mourn. He had prophesied that a free Oxypathic hospital would be built with the proceeds of a libel suit for a quarter of a million dollars against COLLIER'S. Before our case had a chance to come to trial, a Federal jury in the United States District Court of Vermont at Rutland found the prophet guilty of using the mails to defraud. In the language of Oxypathic science, the jury was thermally cold to his applications and diamagnetically (diametrically?) negative. The judge was positive they were right, and the subject felt the reaction full strength.

A few minutes later the general manager of the Oxypathor Company was grasping a cold vertical metal bar in either hand, his soles in contact with a cold stone floor, and the atmosphere had become polarized to a degree almost Arctic. Or, in the words of the man from Arkansas, "He now is where the setting sun shines striped on the floor"—at least he was until he was bailed.

Government experts are sometimes unlike the Doctors of Oxypathy in that they are not averse to diagnosing a case and prescribing for it; and the firm recommendation of the United States District Court is that Moses shall go South this season and nurse his ailing conscience for a year and a half in the quiet halls of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta. Judge James L. Martin, in denying the defendant's motion for admission to bail pending an appeal, made this explanatory comment:

"The jury found that this is a scheme to defraud; that there is nothing about this Oxypathor that would carry anything to the human body. Now if there wasn't, I haven't the slightest question in the world that this defendant knew it. . . . If we allow a man who with four others has taken a million dollars or more to walk out on bail, and, in the case of a poor devil who came up here from New York, railroad him off because he can't give bail—that isn't handed justice and the example isn't good. . . . The sentence of the court is that this man should serve a sentence of eighteen months, the term to begin on date of commitment."

## That Glorified Tin Can

SOME explanation of what the Oxypathor instrument and its kin are like and of why we can describe Moses as a miracle man may be necessary if any of the new readers of COLLIER'S failed to see the article by Samuel Hopkins Adams on "Oxyfakery," in our issue of November 8, 1913. Experts in chemistry, physics, and medicine gave testimony in the recent trial at Rutland to much the same effect concerning the Oxypathor as Mr. Adams did when he called it "a sort of glorified tin can."

Briefly, the instrument is a tube of nickel with a wire from each end terminating in the clasp of a garter—only this garter can't boast, as that honest and useful brand well known to haberdashers, that "no metal can touch the skin." The buckle on the Oxypathic garter must touch the skin to "make the body positive." Thereupon, the body, "which normally absorbs 1.150 of its oxygen through the pores is made to absorb from the air and through the skin vastly increased quantities of this strongly negative element." This sounds

like gibberish, and is. In a booklet for agents, known as "Chips of Oxypathy," Moses humorously let the boys in on the secret. "How it does it is immaterial," he argued. "If he is an owner and an Oxypathist, he can delve as deep as he likes into thermodynamism, etc. He will have a big job on his hands."

## Giving Moses "Justice"

INSIDE the nicked tube there is nothing but a dark-gray powder. One of the chemists who testified at the trial said he could best characterize this filler as "a crude mixture of inert materials," which could be made up with some fine coke dust and lampblack, a few iron filings, a little clay, and perhaps some sand. None of the experts could discover any electrical current from the machine, any magnetic effect or any radioactivity. Nor could any of them conceive it capable of introducing any oxygen into the body.

Some of the newspapers have been unjust to Mr. Moses. They have reported that to manufacture one of these glorified tin cans he was put to an expense of only \$1.23. As a matter of fact, a complete Oxypathor costs a total of \$2.19. He never took less than \$35 an instrument, however, and in eight years sold 45,000 of them and collected a sum in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars; so we shouldn't attempt to dim any of the luster of his miraculous salesmanship. Who but a miracle man could market such a tremendous quantity of worthless tin cans for such a staggering sum?

The instrument to sell was as inert as a tube full of sawdust. All he had to work with was the power of suggestion. But that was enough. Testimony introduced at the trial showed that he used this power not only on the minds of the public, but even on those of his selling force.

One of the first things he told his agents in their book of instructions was: "Whatever else you do, get the right mental attitude. Tell yourself repeatedly that the Oxypathor is all right. Repeat this until firmly convinced it is all right. Thereafter you will be invincible. From that time—from the time you get faith—have confidence—you will win. Not fast, at first—it takes some months to get things swinging right—but steadily!"

Then—and not until then—take the field: "You now have the right mental attitude. You have convinced yourself that the Oxypathor is the greatest therapeutic device of the twentieth century—and you have also firmly made up your mind that you will hold to that opinion come what will."

Once the agent has persuaded himself by suggestion into a state of faith and zeal, he should begin to engage every possible acquaintance in conversation. And not a mere nodding acquaintance; he should stop to talk. Perhaps, though the booklet doesn't caution this, the agent should also, from this point onward, sternly repress his sense of humor. At first he may allow the talk to drift as it will, but soon he must direct it. He must make this apparently innocent inquiry (and keep his face straight!):

"Feeling pretty good?"

Who is this who now steps up? Take 'em off, we know you—it's our old friend of college days, Psychology! The booklet is never more psychologically correct than when it observes:

"You will be surprised to see how many do not feel good—and they'll give you the whole story—if you will keep still. Then you can get in your licks. Tell them what you have to sell or lease—and tell them that you will call soon to show the Oxypathor—and demonstrate it. Say this in such a way as to prevent a 'turndown.' Say it in a positive tone of voice. You will find few have the nerve to deny you a hearing. The rest is easy."

Keep your face straight, keep your nerve; shrewd old friend Psychology is still at your elbow. Crush your sense of humor and sit upon it, for there is worse to come: "Should the patient say that he is perfectly well, say: 'And how are the folks?'"

"The stock ain't fed yet, Hiram!"



"Teaching Young America to Shoot!"



"Third call for dinner!"



"That tense moment!"

## Enchanted Homes Transformed by Billiards

This grand old game was once the sport of royalty alone. Yet these are days when Carom or Pocket Billiards reigns supreme in mansion and cottage alike.

Look about you—learn how home folks love the boundless pleasures of Billiards. Learn how they prize its physical benefits, too.

Each evening in the billiard room a round of gaiety ensues. Men's cares are lost amid the thrilling rivalry. Each winning shot brings back the old-time bloom to mothers' cheeks.

Here growing girls develop gracefulness and charm. And Billiards keeps boys home, quickens their wits and makes them great big-hearted little men.

## Real BRUNSWICK Home Billiard Tables

"GRAND," "BABY GRAND" and "CONVERTIBLES"

Real Brunswick regulation tables, modified only in size and design to harmonize with home surroundings.

Quick-acting Monarch cushions, genuine Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth—all the most scientific playing qualities embodied.

### No Home Too Small

The "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are built of handsome San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid. They add immensely to the beauty of the home.

"CONVERTIBLE" models in oak or mahogany. Changed in a moment from full-fledged Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables to perfect Library and Dining Tables.

### Factory Prices—20c a Day

Brunswick's 9 great factories, now building for thousands, have cut the cost of these elegant tables to a fraction of prices of ten years ago. And our popular purchase plan—terms as low as 20c a day—lets you pay monthly as you play.

### 30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE

Learn the delights of billiards first hand. Test any table 30 days in your own home, as hundreds have done.

And remember we give a complete high-class Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Table Cover, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

Our famous book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," shows these tables in actual colors, gives low prices, easy terms and full details. Mail the coupon at once and have this interesting book by return mail free.

### This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.  
Dept. 12-R, 623 633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Send me free, postpaid, color illustrated book  
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"  
with details of your 30-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....(407)





**L**IFE'S a great big game o' checkers. Each one of us is a-movin' forward an' we can't go back.

If we are wise, most of our losses are good for us. They teach us to puff our pipes a l-e-e-t-l-e bit longer befo' we make our nex' move. An' we learn after awhile that lots o' losses are jus' preparin' the way for some great big gains.

An' ef we play the game fa'r an' squar'—whether our game's bein' president, o' the United States or raisin' tobacco—we'll crown ourselves king, an' nobody can take the crown away from us.

*Velvet Joe*

**W**E all know that Velvet Joe's advice is absolutely right, if we just could have an opportunity to think it over every time.

That's where our good pipes come in.

There's no clearer bugle call to our wandering thoughts than a pipe filled with slow-burning, mellow VELVET. It adds wisdom to their councils of war and sends them forth with renewed courage to the fight.

That aged-in-the-wood smoothness of the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco is rich in healing power when the day has gone against us.

Then see that your pipe is full of VELVET, the best of Kentucky's Burley de Luxe, and that "thar's mo' upon the shelf". Send up a cloud of smoke to warn the forces of trouble and care that you and your pipe are prepared to defend yourselves.



*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

10c Tins  
5c Metal-lined bags  
One Pound  
Glass Humidors

Copyright 1915

"You will be astonished at the amount of illness this will uncover—of which you never dreamed. You must, though, remain quiet for some time after asking the question. Some persons have a habit of saying 'all right'—but who quickly revise their statements—if you remain quiet and say nothing."

We have seen how an Oxypathist attains the right "mental attitude" and takes the field. We shall next behold him on the firing line. A letter from the front, by a woman Oxypathist campaigning in Elkhart, Ind., was read to the jury to throw light upon how sales are made. Note that "mental attitude" is still a matter of vital importance. The victim didn't care to buy an "Oxy," for she had an appointment that day with a specialist in Chicago. The agent assures Mr. Moses that the scene would have amused him:

"I feel the heat very much and it was rather warm yesterday, especially in the house, and I had on a coat rather too heavy, but after I got started on my spiel I didn't want to get her mind off of the subject even long enough to take my coat off and the perspiration just rolled off of me, and I talked every minute for two hours and expected every minute her husband would come up about the time I would have it sold, and say: 'Well, you better wait until after you return from Chicago.' I knew what that meant, but I sold it, adjusted the rubbers, tied string on the polarizer to lift it by, gave all instructions and got out of sight before the husband came, and I said to myself: If Mr. Moses or Mr. Day were in the next room, how they would laugh and appreciate the situation. I landed the fish anyway and hope it will make the woman well and happy—she has loads of money and can have everything she wants. Many times they are the hardest to sell to."

COLLIER'S guarantees this letter a genuine document and no infringement on the literary property rights of Ring W. Lardner. All we pray is the right to comment in quotes: "You know me, Al."

It would not be worth while to point out all the discrepancies between the claims made to the public and the instructions given to the Oxypathy's agents. One example should suffice:

#### TO THE PUBLIC

(From "Oxypathy, Nature's Royal Road to Health")

#### CHRONIC DISEASES

Chronic sufferers from such diseases as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Catarrh in all its various forms, Constipation, Piles, General Debility, Neurasthenia, Liver troubles, Kidney disease, and Bladder affections, Varicose Veins, most forms of Paralysis, Gallstones, and Tonsillitis—those who have had to endure years of suffering, years which have seemed double in length—should welcome the Oxypathor with a shout of joy.

After having tried so many remedies as to defy remembrance, after all has become dark and gloomy, the knowledge of the absolute relief the Oxypathor brings must appear like the magic midnight sun.

#### TO AGENTS

(From "Chips of Oxypathy," an instruction book)

Use judgment in taking cases. Take the cases already suggested—the ones in which you have an even show with the doctors. Sidestep the cases which have been drugged for years. You might just as well hitch the Oxypathor to a mummy—or to a stone hitching post—or a telegraph pole—as to some of the cases which will come to you as a last resort. Be wise—and sidestep these last-resort cases. They spell nothing but trouble—and failure—and knockers. Tell them politely but firmly that they have waited too long, and let it go at that. This need not dampen your enthusiasm. It should not. It is simply showing good judgment.

It must not be assumed that all of the 45,000 who gave \$35 for Oxypathors (or "Oxygenators") could so well afford to do so as the unwilling victim of Indiana. The gibberish about diamagnetism was not addressed to minds trained in science. Oxypathy must have picked many more lean purses than fat ones. If ever it made cures, the credit belongs to nature aided by suggestion, not to Elvard L. Moses. His booklets must be revised again and wherever there is a sincere testimonial we must strike out "Oxypathor" and write in the good word "Faith."

## The Fence Breaker

(Continued from page 12)

manufactured that scratch hit into a run, and, say, that big 1 up on the scoreboard looked as dangerous as a mountain fallin' on you.

"Miner went out on the mound for the last innin' wearin' a look as if it was all over and that he was bein' detained on merely superfluous business. He put three over where he wanted them, and Merkle walks back to the bench. Mike Donlin walks the plank the same way, but then, when the count is two and two, old Roger Bresnahan pokes one over second for a clean hit. Zowie! That crowd was up on its hind legs shoutin' its throat out, but there wasn't a peep out of me. I was sittin' in the front row behind the Giants' bench and I was watchin' McGraw. You know how he can dance and holler; well, he was as quiet just then as if he was dead. He was thinkin' what to do; he was wantin' his pinch hitter. For Matty was the next up, and Matty, with the stick, can cut as big swaths in the atmosphere as well as any first-class heaver. I could tell every word Mac was thinkin'. He'd 'a' cut off his two ears and hung himself up by the tces for a pinch hitter to go in and lean against that ball and knock the everlastin' daylight out of it.

"His umps shouts for the next man up, and Mac signals for a rooky to run for Roger. He's still thinkin' of some way out and sparrin' for wind. Then the umpire gets insistin', and Johnny Evers and Frank Chance go raisin' Cain; McGraw waves and Matty takes one step toward the plate. He must know he's goin' up to lose his own game, and out in the box Brown is grinnin' his face off.

"Then all of a sudden I hears an awful howl from the bleachers down the right-field fence. I turns to see what's the noise about, and who looms up on the grassy sward but Larry Gegan. And he's all togged up for ball playin', and what do you think he's wearin'? He has on his old green uniform with red trimmin's, and 'Midville' in big white letters across his manly bosom. "Say, even Chance and Evers had to stop crabbin' and laugh. And the crowd

hollered and hollered at the fun of his nibs from Midville, and pop bottles and peanut bags and cushions and twisted newspapers filled the air in greetin' to the boob. Even with the game slippin' through our fingers I had to laugh myself till my sides was sore. Every mother's son in that ball park laughed with tears in his eyes; every mother's son, I say—unless McGraw and Larry Gegan.

"Larry wasn't feazed any more than if he was made of wood. And Little Mac, like all good ball players, and bad ones, too, he believes in signs. If he ever passes a wagonload of empty barrels on his way to the park, that's his lucky day; or if he happens to see a white dog chasin' a black cat, that's the day he may as well try Grandpop Wiltse for the whole nine innin's, for he'll lose anyway. There wasn't a peep out of McGraw, and all of a sudden it struck me what he was thinkin'. He was goin' to send the Midville boy in to bat—the Little Corporal had a hunch and was playin' it strong to win. And when the crowd still is hollerin' for all it is worth he beckons a couple of Giants from the bench and packs them off with Larry under the grand stand. Then he takes his own time walkin' over to give the name of the pinch batter to his infur'ated honor, Misher Umps, and after that makes a point of goin' nigh the megaphone man and whisperin' somethin' or other. And, as it turns out, the megaphone has its own pile of trouble givin' out the names to the fans; he has it 'Heegan' and 'Reegan' and 'Beegan', and only gets it 'Gee-gan!' when my bold Larry himself comes out once more, this time wearin' the white shirt with New York instead of Midville across his chest.

"As he walks to the plate a hush falls over that whole crowd. He raps the dirt out of his spikes as if it's everyday work with him; and McGraw crouches in the coachin' box ready to send the rooky down to second. I can shut my eyes and see it all this minute. There's the thirty-five thousand of them jammed tight in that big horseshoe, all strainin' forward, their faces blurrin'



## Good heating— good ventilation



A score of years ago houses were dark and cold, for windows were made small and heavily shuttered because of the chilling effect of large glass surfaces and the inefficiency of old fashioned heating. Today you can have plenty of light from large, attractive windows, with their feeling of hominess and good ventilation, for AMERICAN Radiators put their liberal, positive flow of warmth under or near windows to completely offset cold drafts.

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IDEAL SMOKELESS Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators distribute unfailingly an ample, gentle, healthful volume of warmth to every room, bay and corner. These outfits send no impure coal-gases or ash-dust into the rooms; this means health protection and a large reduction of cleaning work and lessened damage to furnishings—great advantages to the women-folks.

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A No. 5-25-5 IDEAL Boiler and 400 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$225, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

#### \$150 stationary Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, with iron suction pipe running to each floor. Guaranteed unailing.



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the whole stands white. I wants to rise up and shout to Larry to watch Brown or he'd cut the outside corner and leave him flat-footed. Then I thinks that would only tip the Miner off, so I keeps my mouth shut and trusts in Providence. And in my mind I keeps sayin': 'You've got to hit the first ball pitched, Larry, or Brown'll get you on three straight.'

"Old Miner took a slant down to first, then let the pellet slide for Kling's mit. I could see the ball flash along, and I was already gettin' on my toes. It was a straight fast one, clean across the middle, and I knew what my boy, Larry, could do to that kind. Say, for all I knows that ball is goin' yet. Clean out of the kaleyard? No. Clean out of the world—that's the way Geegan smote it. He had every ounce of his monster shoulders in that swing; and what did he do but trot aroun' the bases wavin' his cap just as I'd seen him wave it in Midville twenty-four hours before. And the crowd was fair beside itself with joy as it poured into the field like a wave let loose; all the cheerin' and riproarin' that was ever heard in the world couldn't equal the noise that crowd made.

"I WENT to the clubhouse after the game. McGraw was shakin' Larry's hand and thankin' him, but the little boss was less cordial than one might be expectin'. He took me to one side.

"'You seen what's wrong with him?' he asks, and I nods. 'Well, break it to him gently and don't send him back sore. Give him a wad. We owe him somethin'.'

"Well, I takes Larry in tow, and when I'd dined him I enlightened him on one of the fine points of the great game of baseball.

"'You won't get riled if I talk to you fair and honest?'

"'Why should I be, but—say, Misther Duffy, wasn't that one dandy swat I gathered off the old Miner?'

"'It was that, Larry, but if you'd missed just once Brown would have kept you smitin' the air till you had whiskers to your knees!'

"'How?'

"'Because, Larry, my boy, you pull back. You're a great ball player in other ways, but just because you pull away—that queers you for the big show.'

"'You mean to say—'

"'Listen, son: McGraw has grown gray tryin' to break kids of the habit you've got. He's given it up as a bad job. The outfield is the natural place for battin' strength in a team, and an outfielder that pulls away from the plate instead of standin' up there and pastin' the pill is worse off than a fancy pitcher without control. The pitcher may get to puttin' the ball where he wants to, but all the history of the great and only game doesn't show one batsman that overcome the habit of pullin' back. And when you've got the pull-back habit you're done for the big show, for them foxy mounds-men would slip them over the outside corner, leavin' you to put big dents in the atmosphere.'

"'A little thing like that?'

"'Aye, just a little thing like that. It's the little things that make the big-league player; it's the little things done right that make class. Isn't it the same all around? You think two men ought to do a certain job the same, but one of them does some little trick the best and draws out in front—he's got class.'

"'You mean I ain't got class?'

"'You've got oceans of it, Larry, but can't you see there's class and class? Why, four out of five of your rooky batters travel back to the bushes because no one ever caught them when they was learnin' and made them keep their feet out of the water bucket. What! You never heard of the water bucket? Well, that's where you bushers put your foot when you pull away instead of standin' up to the plate and not yieldin' an inch even if the ball drills you.'

"He sat still a minute, thinkin'—thinkin' hard.

"'No one in Midville knows about it,' he says at last. 'All they care for is to see a man lambaste the ball, no matter how he connects with it. And now that we've got this far, Misther Duffy, I'll tell you somethin': You're not the first scout was after me. There was two of them in town last week, but all Midville didn't know it. Maybe they didn't sign me up for the same reason you're givin'.'

"'You may bet you're life on it, Larry.'

"'A big frog in a little puddle,' he



## What Is Liquid Velvet?

Send for a free sample and for the LIQUID VELVET Book and let the two answer this question. For unless you can see for yourself the rich LIQUID VELVET texture and learn from the color chart the wide range of colors, you may fail to appreciate this wonderful, new washable wall finish.

For, in addition to its beauty, LIQUID VELVET can be kept clean and fresh by washing with a sponge and water. Think of the redecorating bills this will save, the exquisite cleanliness it affords.

Can be applied over old wall paper if desired—another advantage that doubles the decorative value of

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This unique oil base wall finish comes in 24 shades, allowing, with their possibilities of combination, unusual opportunity for the expression of individual taste. It is especially adaptable for fashionable stencil work, permitting wonderfully artistic effects.

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The O'Brien Varnish Company also makes MASTER VARNISH, a finish for floors and woodwork that is water-proof and mar-proof. Even boiling water will not affect the gloss. Book free.

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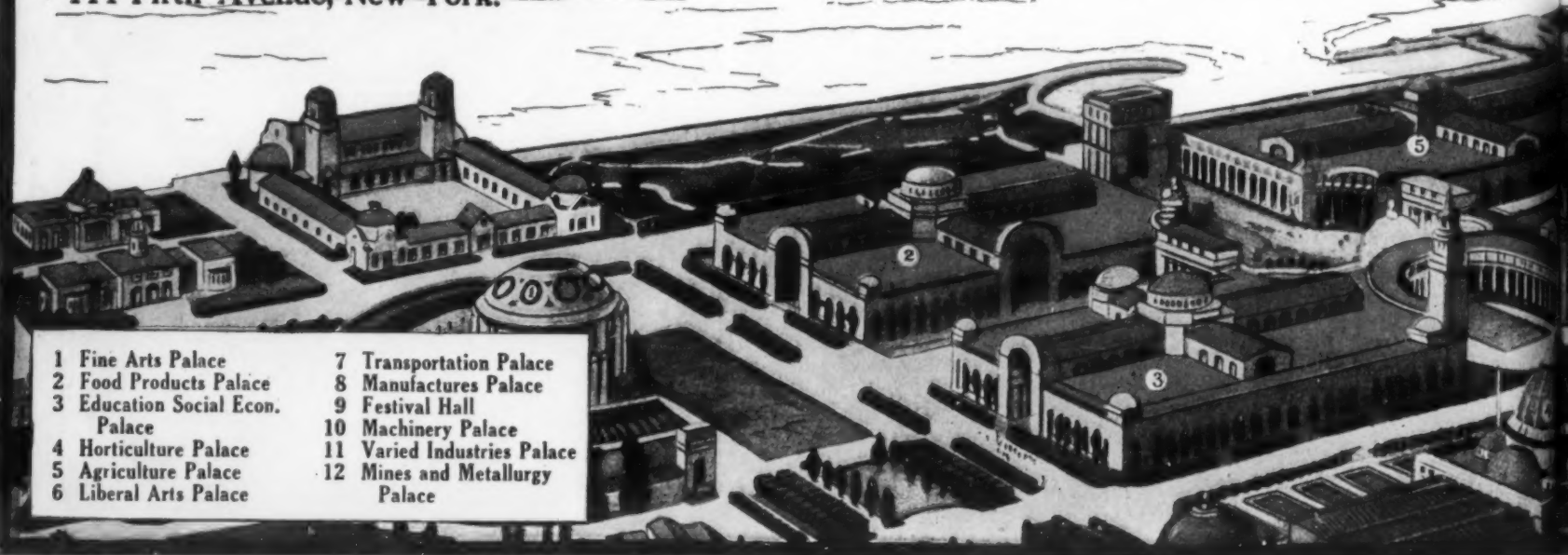
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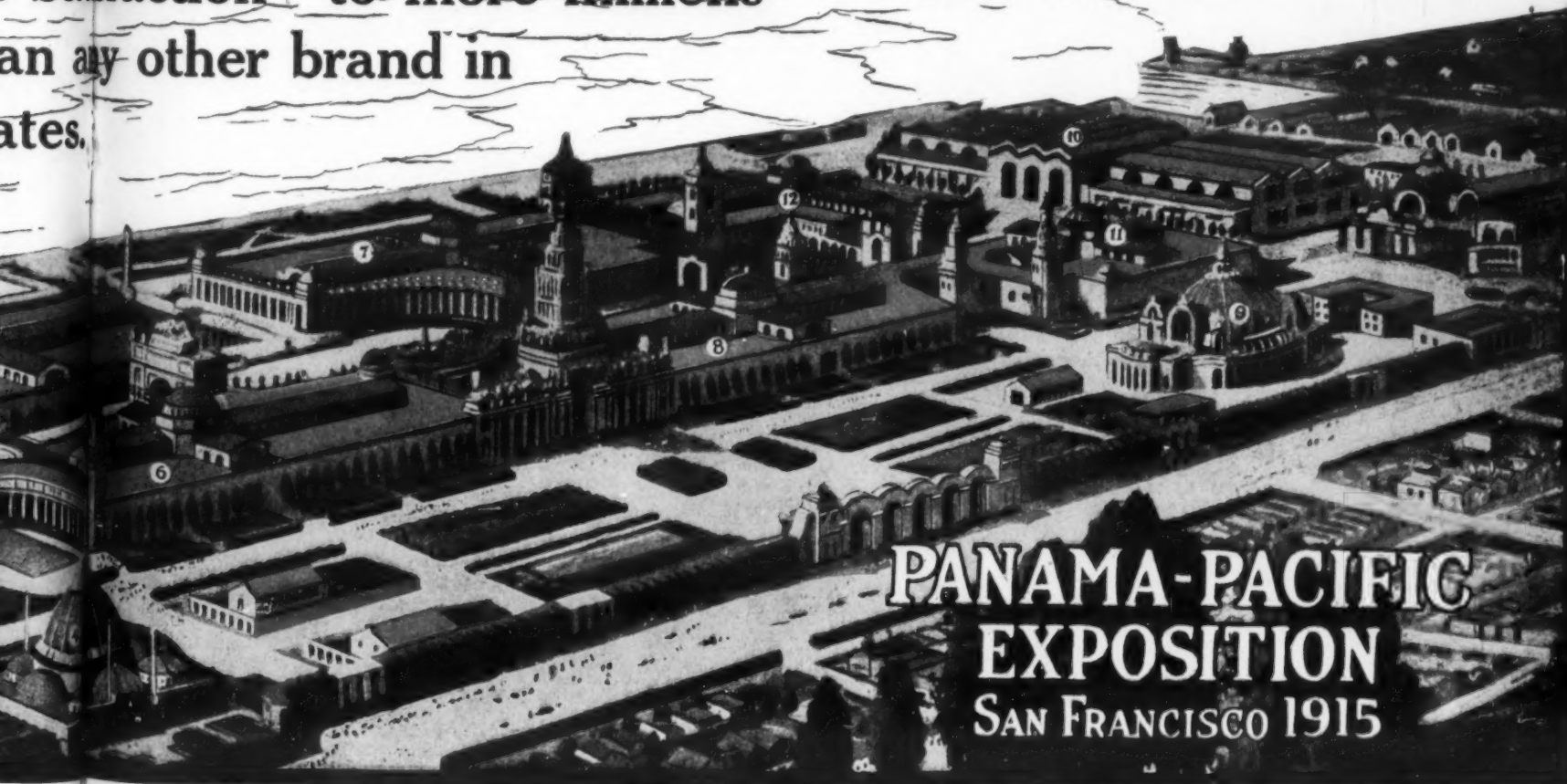
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## The Truth About Leather

In a recent defensive circular to the auto trade, leather manufacturers define leather as "the skin or hide of an animal, or any part of such skin or hide, tanned or otherwise prepared for use."

But since whole hides are too thick for upholstery and the under fleshy portion must be split away from the grain side to make it thin enough, why should the two or three sheets into which the wastage is split, be called leather? Although artificially coated and embossed to look like real grain leather, they are weak, spongy, and soon crack, peel and rot.



**MOTOR QUALITY**  
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is frankly artificial leather, guaranteed superior to coated splits. Its base is cotton fabric, twice as strong as the fleshy split. It is coated much heavier and embossed in the same way.

America's largest auto makers adopted it for upholstery because it outwears coated splits.

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Two-thirds of all "leather upholstery" is coated splits. Demand superior Fabrikoid on your car, buggy or furniture, and Fabrikoid Raynite tops, guaranteed one year against leaking.

Small sample Craftsman Quality free, or a piece 18" x 25" postpaid, 50c. It is on sale by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; McCreery & Co., Pittsburgh; J. & H. Phillips, Pittsburgh; John Shillito Co., Cincinnati; Stix-Baer-Fuller Co., St. Louis; The Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.; Stewart & Co., Baltimore, Md.; T. Eaton & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Winnipeg; Du Pont Fabrikoid Co., 90 West St., New York; Davison-Paxon-Stokes Co., Atlanta, Ga.; D. N. & E. Walter & Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, and upholstery dealers generally.

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says, as if repeatin' what he'd heard from me. 'I haven't forgot that. I'll be back in Midville in the mornin'.'

"I hate to see you go, Larry, but—ain't it the deuce what one bad habit can do for a man."

"He leans over sort of confidential-like. 'Do you think I might ask you for one favor?'"

"You sure might, Larry."

"A big favor?"

"As big as you've a mind for."

"Then, Misther Duffy, I'm not goin' back turned down by McGraw—I'm goin' back of my own free will. My record as it stands is 1,000; I've pickled the delivery of Miner Brown and won a game for Matty. The big league is all to the mustard, but I'm for Midville first, last, and all the time. My home town is the town for me; I'm the home-sick kid, that's all. If you'll only come tearin' after me into Midville and make believe you're crazy to get me back with the Giants—well, that'll help some."

"McGraw says somethin' this same evenin' about sendin' me to Maine to take a squint at a whaler what's settin' the woods on fire up there, I lets drop gently, not carin' 'specially for trottin' back to the coal-dust burg."

"He digs down in his pocket and pushes a crumpled telegram at me. 'Read that, will you, Misther Duffy?'"

"I opens out the yellow slip, and this is what it reads:

LARRY GEEGAN,

Polo Grounds, New York:

I'm praying for you to win.

KATIE MAHONEY.

"I says not one word, but sits lookin' straight at him. But me mind is workin'. 'You darned redtop,' I'm thinkin', 'you're callin' me out on strikes—one, two, three—and you know you're doin' it.' Then he looks at me, his eyes fair poppin'."

"We was kids in school together. I'd most forgot her. I seen her at the station last night. I says: 'Lordy, Katie, how you've growed.' Katie says: 'Not half as much as you growed, Larry.' I says: 'Katie, you look good to me.' He pauses, his Adam's apple bobbin' up and down like it was on a wire, then he grips me as if he'd snap my arm. 'Do you get me, Misther Duffy—do you get me?'"

"He was an Irisher and I was an Irisher, and what with a Katie Mahoney enterin' in—well, what foolishness to say one word more. 'Do I get you, Larry Geegan?' I calls. 'Say, son, the line of talk I'll hand out in Midville will make them dizzy.'"

"He got up happy as could be. 'I knew you'd come through in the pinch,' he says."

"One thing, Larry, I puts back, risin' with him, 'is Katie's hair red like yours?'"

"Thunder, no,' he roars. 'Hers is black, and shinin', too, like the sun on a shield.'"

"This time I didn't gumshoe into Midville. Oh, no! I didn't wake them up any more than if I'd marched in behind a brass band. Where was that ball player—Hans Wagner, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, all rolled into one—Larry Geegan by name? What did he mean by runnin' out on McGraw? What was he thinkin' of, leavin' the Giants to lose the pennant? Where was that whale of a batter—the daddy of them all? Was Larry Geegan gone fair mad to be doin' what he was doin'?"

"Bill Bryan may be all there with

the chin stuff, but, say, you ought to have heard me hand out the bull to that crowd in front of the Hotel Midville. I give it to them hot, wavin' press clippin's in the air and sayin' they showed McGraw didn't think his team could finish in the first division unless he got back 'Home Run' Geegan. I told them of the powerfulest swat ever seen on a ball field—the swat put over on Miner Brown by my boy Larry. I begged them with tears in my eyes and crackles in my throat to give me Larry back again."

"When I'd got this far and no more I feels a pull on my coat and turns around. There stands Larry with a slip of a girl that's next door to an angel, smilin' and tremblin' beside him. And as I steps back holdin' out my hand and sayin' 'How are you, Katie?' Larry himself steps forward and gives it to them neat."

"Friends and neighbors all,' says my bold Geegan, 'New York is one grand place and I'm glad Johnny McGraw wants me; but, beggin' their pardon, neither one or the other of them comes up to Midville. The big show is all O. K. and I knocked the hide off their Miner Brown. But what if I stayed up there? In four or five years I'd be back here—back in the bushes again. Midville made me the ball player I am, and Midville will get my best days. No big-league town has half enough money to bribe me to be a traitor to Midville. So I've come back to you boys, and here I'll stay.'"

"Of course him Irish, by this time that was the way he really felt, and with that he reaches back and catches Katie and draws her up beside him again. For a trifle of time he acts nervous, but, say, that crowd didn't have to be told. It had only to see Larry's face beamin' and with proud smiles scootin' all over it."

"If you want to know a secret, here's the real reason I'm back in Midville,' says Larry, squeezin' Katie's hand. 'And, what's more and better still, if it wasn't for goin' to New York and teachin' the Giants how to play ball, I might have stayed here all my life and made one big error and lost this game, the best game of all. Katie and I had a word at the station last night; we fixed it up to-day. And you crazy Midville fans, you're all invited to the weddin' here this very night, with Tim Duffy as referee—no, I mean best man.'"

"Well, sir, if the surprises hadn't been comin' as fast as line drives off Ty Cobb's war club I'd have muffed sure. But I played the game like an old-timer and led the cheerin' when Larry, fair overcome with happiness, takes Katie in his arms and smacks her good and hearty in front of them all."

"Aye, I was best man, and, bet your life, that same weddin' has got the highest percentage in Master Cupid's record book. Yes, sirree, and now when I go chasin' through the bushes I drop off into Midville every chance I get. And maybe the Geegans don't make a fuss over yours truly. They sure do, but not half the fuss I kick up when I see how the one redhead in their collection is sproutin'."

"Say, let me tell you somethin': There's not a chance in a million of that kid ever puttin' one toe in the water bucket, and if Timothy Geegan doesn't make the big league, then I can't tell a ball player with my eyes shut."

## The Narrow Margin

(Continued from page 15)

things. Suddenly he knew it. There had been of late changes in Bertha too subtle for Andy's mind—the occasional bits of jewelry, comments on the life of the rich which were to Andy indications of a flight into regions whence he might not follow. Andy's wings were clipped.

What could he give her? Nothing. He was a poor stick, he reflected. He knew now that he had never really expected her to love him. There are people who, by the aid of libraries lined with beautifully bound books, illuminated mottoes, and expensive courses of lectures, profess after many years to feel at home in the Scheme of Things where God moves in a mysterious way. Andy had ten minutes in which to think it out.

At the end of the time he squared his narrow shoulders, swung through the door and down the aisle. He leaned over the candy counter. Bertha was arranging boxes on a shelf and she did

not see him. He noticed how elaborately her hair was done. Her hair had always been a mystery to him; now it was a revelation. Leaning, he knocked over a neat pyramid of butterscotch. At the sound she started nervously and turned. He will never forget her face.

"Andy! Andy!" she whispered hoarsely, "is it you?"

"It is me."

SHE laid her hand on the counter and she gripped her feverish fingers with his own.

"Andy, it's you!"

"You're coming to supper with me." "Yes, I know. Of course, Andy—I—I thought you might be dropping in—I—"

"Right now. Get your bonnet and things."

She nodded blindly. As she turned quickly away he made surreptitious investigations in various pockets for loose change. She came hurrying back,

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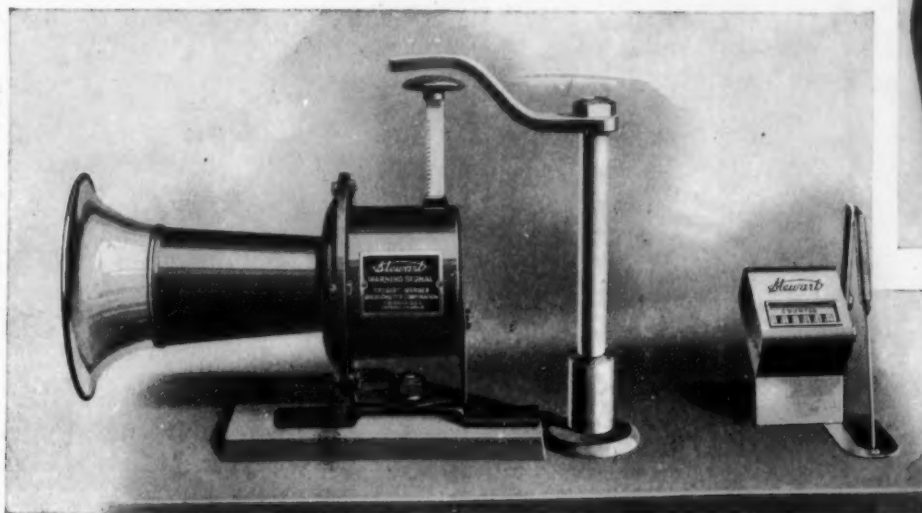
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Above we show one of the giant boring mills which bore all the cylinders of the BUDA "Six" at one operation. This means perfect accuracy and perfect interchangeability of parts.

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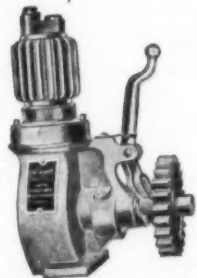




This photograph shows an enlargement of the counter when it had registered 117,662 operations

# This *Stewart* Warning Signal has been operated 117,662 times

Thousands of motorists are now letting the *Stewart* Tire Pump do their hard work. Takes away the biggest bugbear of operating a car. Absolutely reliable—the pump that always works. Can be installed by anyone on any car—old or new.



Complete with high-grade hose, gauge, brackets and gears.

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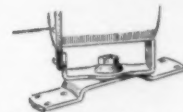
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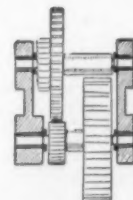
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putting the pins in her big hat and buttoning her little jacket. She drew a long, deep breath and smiled up into his eyes. "Come on, Andy!" she whispered. "Come!"

They walked down Market Street through crowds that hurried to the ferry, their eyes on the clock in the tower. Midway of a block she felt herself wheeled suddenly about. "Wrong way," said Andy, who had seen a fur-lined coat opening and a gray suede glove seeking a watch.

"Bertha," Andy confessed, "I invested a little money to-day. I guess it's a cafeteria for us."

"All right, Andy—" she drew a long, deep, tremulous breath—"a cafeteria's the place. You can always—see what you're getting."

They turned into a basement cafeteria and fell in line at the right of a scaling brass rail. At length they got their platters, their paper napkins, their warm, moist silver, and found themselves looking down at the meat.

"Stew?" said Andy.

"Stew. Yes, Andy."

THEY went by the vegetables, the salads, the bread and butter, rice pudding and wedges of pie, picking here and there cautiously, doing mental arithmetic the while; swung round to the steaming coffee urn, shook their heads, took glasses of water, and passed the omniscient one who, by a simple twist of her pompadour and a lifting of her blackened eyebrow, gave one glance at the platters and haughtily handed out little pool checks with 27 on each one.

It does not take long to eat twenty-seven cents' worth, and very soon they were out on the lighted street. The stars were shining, the moon hung like a little silver boat over the tower of the ferry building. The streets were filled with hurrying people, for it was the hour when the pieces of the puzzle are stirred, the kaleidoscopic mingling of those who labor and those who play. A limousine stopped before a gorgeously lighted restaurant. A lady stepped out, first her little velvet feet, then

ruffles, cobweb lace, pale pink gauze, chiffon floating like sunset about her limbs, a cloak all golden, long wrinkled white kid gloves, a big purple hat.

Andy held the serge sleeve tighter in his own and put his woolen glove over the black kid fingers on his arm. He could not speak. And then—he reached in his pocket and found a fifty-cent piece! How it happened he could not have told. It was one of those things that can never happen again.  $4 \times 10 = 40$ , and ten cents left for car fare.

"Let's go over the ferry and back," said Andy. "I'd like to take you somewhere—two dollars a seat—and hear some real music! But I can't to-night."

They went up the stairs of the ferry building. "We'll sit out," said Bertha, "in the good air." They sat down at the prow of the boat.

"You'll be cold, dear. You haven't got your gray sweater on."

She shook her head. "I left it off to-day. I'll wear it to-morrow; honest I will."

She tucked in the cotton lace frill and turned up her narrow serge collar. In the shadow of the boat he put his arm about her shoulders and drew her close. Again she drew a long, deep, tremulous breath.

"What is it, Bertha?"

"Nothing—only—it's—it's because I love you so, Andy!"

"Some time Sunday we'll go look for a place—a home for you and me—and Retta."

"Yes, Andy."

"We'll be awful poor—"

"But we'll have each other."

Silence fell upon them as they sat close to each other, wrapped in the mantle of light. Along the receding shore lay a band of fog, pearl, and amethyst. Out of it the hills rose like phantom castles, and against it an anchored boat with sails of silver mist rose and fell like the galleon of one's dreams.

"Look, Bertha!"

"Yes, I know, Andy—and we've been so near it all the time! And—we might have missed it!"

## Joffre

(Continued from page 13)

At Rivesaltes, when they heard that war was possible, they said: "The war? Let her come! Haven't we our Joffre?"

And now, at his present work, as generalissimo of France in the biggest and most desperate of her wars, what characterizes him most, it seems to me, are two qualities—his modernity and his democracy.

He foresaw what this war would be and he freed himself resolutely of all the old traditions of old wars. He foresaw that this would not be a war of drums and bands, of flags and shouts, of waving plumes and dash, but that it would be a war of simple grimness, of ferocious patience, of fight stripped down to the bone, of gritted teeth and trenches—an earth-colored war. And so he stripped himself and his armies and his country of drums and bands and flags and plumes, of the resonance of words, and left them only silent tenacity, calculating science, and a pure Bunsen flame of sacrificial patriotism.

He and France are on the job, and they think nothing but of the job.

He wears no feather in his hat; he does not ride a horse. For long periods, in fact, he does not ride at all. In a little house somewhere at the rear he thinks; he concentrates all of his faculties on the problem in a silence of laboratories. During the battle of the Marne every move of friend or foe was being represented on maps for him by colored pins. A general had charge of these maps and those pins. That general, during the six days of the battle of the Marne, never found time to get dressed. During six days, dressed in his underwear, he moved pins on maps. I recommend the scene to the brush of our next military painter.

When Joffre rides—and he is famous for his tours of inspection along the front—he rides in an automobile. And that automobile is a limousine. It would be more romantic, failing the horse, to whizz over the country in one of those low saucy meteors called torpedoes. But in a limousine one can sleep, which saves time—and in his limousine Joffre sleeps like a child. Also, in a limousine with windows all closed (oh, horror of the strenuous person!) one can think. And this war requires a terrific amount of thinking.

At first he had been given as drivers two famous winners of Vanderbilt cups and grands prix. These men could not help showing off a bit. But Joffre did not want to show off. He wanted to live—for the job. He "canned" the two brilliant artists and is now being driven by a good, honest family chauffeur who might be trusted to take the children out to the park.

The solicitude he shows for his own life he has for his men. He is avaricious as a peasant, but his avarice is not for gold, but for the blood of his soldiers. He has abolished their red pants, he has tarnished their equipment, he has had their buttons blackened. Since that first offensive at Charleroi, which was a sacrificial homage rendered to the valor and misfortune of Belgium, he has kept his men as much as possible under cover; he has used every fold in the territory of France. At the beginning of the war all the young officers from Saint-Cyr went to battle with their white gloves and plumed shakos. Joffre gave them the deuce. He forbade the plumes and the gloves. Then he stripped them of their stripes. He decided that their caps were too visible and gave them a cover of a neutral color. These young officers, though, kept in the cover a little window through which shone the number of their regiments. Joffre's eagle eye noticed this, and there came from him the famous order: "Shut your windows!" It is because of these many orders, always looking out for their safety and their comfort, that the soldiers call him "Our Joffre" and, when they have successfully attacked, say: "Now the little father will be content." They say of him that he will not be satisfied until he has given each man a little individual fog.

He never allows himself the temperamental vagaries of genius. He does not consider himself a genius; he knows he is a hard worker. He sleeps his eight hours regularly, usually going to bed at nine to be up at five. He eats well, but very simply. When the President of France came to see him at the front Joffre found himself questioned by the excited officer of the mess: "The President is lunching with us. Shall we have champagne?" "Champagne?"



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30x3	\$ 9.40	\$10.55	\$2.20	\$2.50
30x3½	11.90	13.35	2.60	2.90
32x3½	13.75	15.40	2.70	3.05
34x4	19.90	22.30	3.90	4.40
34x4½	27.30	30.55	4.80	5.40
36x4½	28.70	32.15	5.00	5.65
37x5	35.55	39.80	5.95	6.70
38x5½	46.00	51.50	6.75	7.55

cried Joffre. "Pensez vous! At a time such as this! No, lunch as usual. A chop and two eggs."

He has banished utterly from his war the strut and the boast. I have said that he works like a man in a laboratory. Well, that entire army of four million toils thus, in silence and retirement, like a thinker in a library. And he won't let it be disturbed. The Department of Foreign Affairs, grieved because in the foreign papers one reads only of the Germans and the British, has tried to send newspaper men along the front. Joffre won't have them. Not because he fears the disclosing of military secrets, but because he doesn't want his army disturbed in its absorbing and sacred task. He doesn't want the profane in the cathedral. And so it is that of that vast and continuous effort, of days in which some twelve Gettysburgs may be simultaneously fought along a front of hundreds of miles, and heroic deeds may be as numerous and as fast as the detonations of a Gatling gun, one hears just what? A communiqué.

"We"

THESE communiqués bear heavily his imprint, the imprint of his modernity, his modesty, and his democracy. They are as modern as the present teaching system. They do not give fine resonant phrases which you can memorize and with which you can astonish your friend; they send you to the map. To the map, with patience and a microscope. When that war is over we will know our geography as we have never known it before. They are utterly modest. For twenty-four hours four million men have been engaged in a grapple of incredible heroism; Joffre at the end of these twenty-four hours will say: "One kilometer and three-quarters north-northeast of the hamlet bordering

the village of Peter-the-Hermit we have gained thirty meters forty-five centimeters of the enemy's trenches."

And they are democratic, and for the first time in history bring back the credit where it belongs—to Peter and to Paul. Joffre is aided by some dozen very brilliant generals; one never hears them mentioned in the communiqués. Hundreds of colonels are doing what the colonels of Napoleon could not do. You never hear of them. What you hear of is of Mr. "We."

It is: "We have gained a trench. We have succeeded in establishing ourselves in the first houses of the village of Something-or-Other." And that We is everyone, the privates and the colonels, the young boy of the active, and the old boy of the reserve who has left a wife and three children at home, and the old puffy fat man of the Territorials, guarding a bridge faithfully somewhere back. That We is the humble and innumerable instrument that has always won all wars and has always been cheated of the renown; that We is everyone; that We is France.

But it must not be thought that everything he writes is simply cold and precise. There are orders he writes for his own men. And these, at the proper times, burn with the fire which lives in the depths of his rustic, his robust, personality—as that one he issued before the battle of the Marne: "Soldiers, the time of retreat has passed; the time of offense has come; you hold the fate of France in your hands."

"We are attacking. Soldiers, advance as long as you can. If you can no longer advance, hold the position you have gained. If you can no longer hold it, die!"

A pure figure, a very pure figure; uniting in him the two best things of his time—science and democracy—and to these the flame which is eternal.

## "We Shall Meet, But We Shall Miss Them"

(Continued from page 10)

Stanley began his Congressional career as a spellbinder, but his beautiful young life was mangled when the House discovered that he also had unusual ability for hard, perspiring work. When a worker is discovered in Congress he is immediately harnessed up with many hearty cheers, and Stanley dragged out a useful existence investigating the Steel Trust. He published the findings of his committee in a flock of eight-pound volumes and was kept so busy reading proof that Jefferson has had to fight his way practically alone in the last few sessions.

Half of the men elected to Congress enter it with the firm conviction that the way to begin is to keep quiet with all possible firmness for the first term. Out of the other half who believe in free speech, and plenty of it, only about one per cent have the courage to follow out their convictions. H. Robert Fowler of Elizabethtown, Ill., was one of these few. He entered Congress with his capacious face oratorically ajar and within a week he was a House problem. He spoke on everything and all the time. He tied up legislation and foundered the journal with miscellaneous and cyclonic eloquence. Everyone sat on him with vigor. It was time wasted. He continued to speak on all available subjects, and then on a memorable occasion he gave his campaign speech. It was a magnificent idealization of dog life, delivered with all the graces of a finished rhetorician, and it made Fowler's eternal fame within the Capitol.

Fowler reversed the usual proceedings by shutting up after a while and becoming a keen student of bills and a very useful member. Usually the industry comes first and the speeches follow.

"Bob" Broussard of Louisiana (now Senator Broussard) will be greatly missed. Description of Broussard can be boiled down into the statement that he was, in the House, a complete and all-round gentleman of the old school. He was aristocratic, dignified, well dressed, genial, and ornamental. He comes of a fine old Creole family, is related to everyone in his district, and was, according to popular rumor, elected by the cousin vote term after term.

Another jagged and unfilled chasm will be that left by Dr. Richard Bartholdt of St. Louis, the German ambassador to Congress. He was unique, effective, useful, and beloved. Peace and beer and Germany were his three protégés and a rise could be got out of him on these subjects at any time. He has attended every Hague conference,

and it was also almost solely because of his masterly defense and generalship that prohibition did not sweep over the land by act of the last Congress and reduce the greater portion of St. Louis to a dusty and dejected desert.

Edward W. Townsend of New Jersey brought with him to the Sixty-second Congress a nation-wide reputation as a humorist. But, to the great disappointment of his fellow members, he did not mix business and politics. He was a hard-working Congressman of the heavy roadster type, with a deep-toned Websterian style of talking and an inexorable logic, devoid of any gleam whatever. One of the recreations of Congressmen was to lead visitors into the gallery when Townsend was speaking and to say, pointing him out, "That man wrote 'Chimmy Fadden,'" for the sake of the explosive incredulity which usually followed.

Jefferson Levy of New York, owner of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, leaves Congress a disappointed man. Three terms ago he entered the House with a great truth bursting within him and he was never able to persuade anyone to partake of it. Levy is a rich Gothamite and knows Wall Street from the inside. Through a long course of experience in these progressive days he had been filled with the belief that the rich of the land have suffered from oppression and many divers cruelties and that it was his mission to explain this to Congress. Several times he succeeded in getting this explanation started, but each time he was swept rudely aside by the onward march of the nine volumes of precedents which ran over him with some point of order or other and the speech was never delivered. In private conversation, however, he spent much time in explaining that Wall Street men are not entirely inhuman.

Congressman Willis of Ohio, now Governor Willis, takes back home with him the loudest voice heard in Washington since that of "Foghorn" Funston, three decades ago. It was a sort of extension hatrack voice. Listening to him was like climbing a mountain. When you thought he had reached the topmost summit of human possibility new heights arose beyond, and still higher cloud-kissed peaks followed 'em. Another man with a gift of tilting the house rafters was Manahan of Minnesota. And then there was George W. Taylor of Demopolis, Ala., who sat silent and attentive for twelve years and then burst out unexpectedly in a speech on the

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Last a lifetime. Do not tarnish or stain the neck. At your dealers. 14K. Rolled Gold 25c. 19K. Solid Gold \$1.00. 14K. Solid Gold \$1.50. Write for Booklet 19.

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PISTON RINGS

**THINK** what this means. One automobile or motor truck in every five of those in use today has **LEAK-PROOF** Piston Rings in its engine. And, bear in mind that, in every instance, these rings were put in by the owners to replace the inefficient piston rings originally installed by the manufacturers.

Put  
**LEAK-PROOF**  
PISTON RINGS

MADE BY MCQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO.

in your engine and you will have the same experience as every one of these 300,000 users, viz.—more power, a substantial saving in fuel, oil and motor wear and great relief from carbon trouble.

**LEAK-PROOF** Piston Rings are designed to secure that perfect gas-tightness within the cylinder without which proper compression of the fuel charge is impossible—and faulty compression must cause reduced power. Further, they prevent the passage of lubricating oil into the combustion chamber, which is responsible for excessive carbon deposit.



Avoid imitations and substitution by insisting on **LEAK-PROOF**

The great feature of this ring is its strength and simplicity. It consists of two pieces only, each half a perfectly concentric ring in itself, closely fitted around the other. This is the only way in which correctly distributed tension on the cylinder walls can be secured, at the same time closing the expansion openings that are left unsealed in all one-piece rings. Made in all sizes—easily adjusted.

**LEAK-PROOF** Piston Rings will pay the cost of installation out of one year's saving in fuel and oil. They never lose their efficiency—are always economical.

When your car is overhauled have **LEAK-PROOF** Rings installed.

Send for Free Book—

"To Have and to Hold Power." It explains the theory and function of piston rings and tells why you should equip your engine with **LEAK-PROOF** Rings.

Sold by all up-to-date dealers, garages and repair shops

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Los Angeles—224 Central Bldg.  
Dallas—1509 Commerce St.

Mussel Shoals which swept Congress, dazed and awe-struck, into a small bunch in the corner of the hall. It was as surprising a bunch of remarks as those made by Vesuvius in the first breadths of the Christian era after centuries of profound repose.

A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, who ran for Senator against Penrose and only missed out by about 300,000 votes, is a serious loss to the House, scientifically as well as otherwise. Palmer is a mixture of Quaker and Pennsylvania Dutch, and is probably the only man in the House whose picture could be placed among those of the Constitutional Convention of 1874 without exciting comment. He could walk down Pennsylvania Avenue with Benjamin Franklin and divide the attention with ease. Another fine old type was D. E. Garrett of Texas, whose historic long black coat, soft necktie, and wide-flowing felt hat typified Texas statesmanship.

In the Progressive section many mighty warriors will be missing. There is McDonald of Michigan, who got his seat after a desperate contest. He is a well-launched, perfectly manicured, sartorially impeccable, straight-out extremist, who cast his lot with the miners in the copper strike and went down to defeat with them. He made a minority report in the McDermott contest which banged Congress about as if it was a Belgian fort. Then there was Lafferty of Oregon, young and destitute of fear, or even prudence, its third cousin. Single-handed he declared war upon the press of the United States and scathed it at every opportunity through his two exhilarating years in Congress, to the intense awe of older members; for the press hasn't been scathed to any extent in Congress for fifty years.

One of the biggest holes of all is that left by Victor Murdock, the Fighting Téméraire of Kansas, who goes back home after a gallant attempt to keep Senator Curtis in private life. For six terms Murdock has insurged and revolved with marked success. Congress will be tamer without his orifice of red, belligerent hair, and his ruddy, good-humored face beneath it emitting defiance and prairie humor in pleasing alternation. The man who led the fight which unhorsed Cannon will be missing, while Cannon himself will puff placidly through his twentieth term. But Murdock, who retires after twelve years of valuable service at the age of forty-four, will go back to Kansas—where they don't let young warriors of his type rust in peace very long.

## German Trenches

(Continued from page 7)

seeing that he was near a battery. But as no bullet sped by you when in the trenches, so no shell falls near you now. While you are glad that they do not, still you do not think very much about it—you wonder more whether a picture you are trying to take with your kodak will develop; for the day is dark, and a slight drizzle has been falling since noon. But you do wish that the battery would get into action; you would like to have that experience at least. And just as you are thinking this—

"Will you please stand a little this way?" politely asks the battery commander. "You are in the way of the range finders," he explains.

You step back, and almost before you fully take in the fact, the gunners are in machinelike activity. A shell is thrust home.

"Hands to your ears!" a voice says. The discharge takes place.

"You remember the ruined brick house you saw from the tower? Some of the enemy have just entered it; that is where that shell went," you are told.

"But why don't they shoot at us? This controversy seems to be going on from right to left, over our heads, or in front of us. How does it happen that no shells fall here?"

"Our French friends have not yet located this battery. They have no idea that these guns are here. They know that there is an unlocated battery, but they have not found it."

"But they will find you in the end! Suppose they found you now?"

"Oh, well, of course in that case! But that is not probable to-day. This battery has been here a fortnight, and they have not yet searched us out."

The noncommissioned officer in charge of the gun, who crawls with you into the earthen chamber just described, speaks English. He learned it in Mombasa

## LONDON LIFE DRAMAS



"Most Extraordinary"

## THE GREAT CIGAR STORE SCENE

**CUSTOMER:**—Give me a box—

**CLERK:**—Won't you try—

**CUSTOMER:**—No, I won't! I've tried 'em all, up to 25 cents. I KNOW what I want.

I wasted a lot of time on other cigarettes—but for the balance of my years I'm going to enjoy "London Life."

If there's any better cigarette on this earth, I don't deserve it.

**CLERK:**—Yes, sir. And it's "most extraordinary"—so many of our customers say that same thing. Ten cents, right. Thank you, sir.

# LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP  
CIGARETTES

10 Cents Here—10 Pence There

*Marquies*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World





# The New REO The Fifth \$1050

*"The Incomparable Four"*

**Surely This Must Be a Wonderful Car To Enjoy Such a Demand at Such a Season!**

*Never mind the size of the type—the fact is big and the information vital to you. You will read in five minutes. Then use the 'phone—there's no time to lose*

**WHEN WE TELL YOU** that March first looked like "May Day" at Lansing—orders for immediate shipment greatly in excess of output—and that, despite the fact the big 25-acre Reo plants were running double shift, and turning out 105 cars per day—you'll agree the condition is remarkable.

**OUR SCHEDULE OF DELIVERIES** of Reo the Fifth—made in August in the usual course and anticipating the usual "dull season" of January and February—called for 300 cars of this model in January and 450 in February. With March, according to that schedule, would begin the big out-flow.

**ALAS FOR WELL LAID PLANS!** In January we shipped 1200 instead of 300; and in February, instead of 450, our dealers took 1800 Reo the Fifties—and begged for more.

**MIND YOU, THAT** was middle of winter—War Year! Just when everybody was trying to convince everybody else that we were enjoying hard times, the Reo plants were running a double shift in an effort to keep up with the demand for immediate shipments of automobiles.

**CAN YOU IMAGINE** any stronger testimony to the splendid qualities of a car than that unusual demand at that unusual season?

**"HOW COULD WE SHIP** that many cars in those months if our plans called for the lesser number?" you ask. The answer is the whole point to this ad.

**KNOWING FROM PAST EXPERIENCE** that the demand for Reos is always greater than the supply—for there never has been a time since the first Reo was made that we could supply enough cars for all who wanted Reos—knowing that this demand would be hopelessly in excess of our facilities in the spring months, we planned, as we fondly believed, to meet it.

**AT A COST OF OVER \$100,000** we had built a warehouse capable of storing 2,000 cars. We planned to run full force on the Reo the Fifth model during the fall and winter months, expecting to ship about 300 cars per month and store the rest against the big spring rush.

**WE MADE THE CARS ALRIGHT**—but there our plans were frustrated by dealers' demands for immediate shipments. These took the full capacity of the plants for those months—and today there is not a Reo the Fifth in that big warehouse!

**ABOUT THE SAME TIME** that we laid those plans we also reserved advertising space in several of the most prominent publications to push the sale of those cars in these "off" months. Instead we are now using that space to tell you this story and to warn you against delay, in ordering your Reo if you want to be one of the "lucky" ones.

**YOU KNOW AS WELL AS WE**—if you have watched it at all—that in previous years thousands of would-be Reo owners have been disappointed. Not merely delay in delivery—but the absolute impossibility of getting a car. Factory output all allotted to dealers—dealers' quota all contracted for by customers weeks in advance.

**IT IS A REMARKABLE FACT** that in years past premiums have been paid for Reos—not to us or to Reo dealers but from one buyer to another who, by foresight, had secured an option on the coveted car—while cars with lesser reputation went a-begging.

**THIS YEAR, BECAUSE** of the condition above recited—not a car in reserve, factory running double shift and daily demand keeping pace with and absorbing whole output—only those who

have learned by past experience and who order immediately, can hope to get a Reo the Fifth.

**WE SUPPOSE WE OUGHT** to tell you something about this car—it's the usual thing to do in an ad. But bless you, everybody in the world knows Reo the Fifth as the "Incomparable Four." This great product of Reo experience, Reo facilities and of Reo integrity, occupies a place that is unique among motor cars.

**REO THE FIFTH** comes as nearly being a staple as has ever been designed in an automobile. Since this chassis was developed—and you'll remember we said then it would prove to be "the ultimate car"—finality in all essentials of chassis design—the only changes have been in improvements, refinements of details and in equipment.

**IT HAS BEEN OUR AMBITION** to make and to keep this the leading four-cylinder car for that great class of buyers who want a car of superior quality at a moderate price.

**FROM YEAR TO YEAR** as manufacturing conditions have improved, and especially this year when Reo ready cash enabled us to buy when cash was at a premium and to obtain theretofore impossible values—we have given Reo buyers the benefit in the lower prices.

**LAST SEASON \$1175—NOW \$1050**—same car, but longer wheelbase and a score of minor but most desirable improvements. Your local Reo dealer will tell you where and why.

**MORE THAN FORTY THOUSAND** of them today in hands of users—and some of those users are your intimate friends. Ask them. They will tell you more and better than we can. And you'll hear facts about low up-keep cost that will astound you—and that will explain to you as nothing else could the reason for the tremendous popularity—the tremendous in-season and out-season demand for Reo the Fifth—"The Incomparable Four."

**DON'T DELAY!**



**\$1050** f. o. b. Factory  
Lansing, Mich.

**REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICH.**  
Reo Automobiles and Reo Motor Trucks

CANADIAN FACTORY:—Reo Motor Car Co., Limited, St. Catharines, Ontario



# The REO MOTOR TRUCK

*"As Reliable as a Chronometer"*

## Never Was There—Never Will There Be—A Better Time Than Right Now To Modernize Your Delivery Equipment

*Unprecedented demand and high prices for horses enable you to make the change—and at a profit*

NEVER WAS THERE—never will there be—a better time than right now to dispose of your obsolete—slow, uncertain, expensive—horse equipment and replace it with modern—rapid, reliable and economical—Motor Trucks.

HORSES COMMAND at this time, not only a ready market, but unprecedentedly high prices. This is true of all classes of horses, but especially the heavy draft types, "chunks" and mules.

THE EUROPEAN WAR has created many opportunities for those with eyes to see and minds alert to grasp. This opportunity to do at a stroke that which you have long contemplated but hesitated to do because of the immediate loss you felt you would have to sustain—though convinced the ultimate saving would many times offset that loss—you can now do without sacrifice of time or money.

EVEN IF THAT WERE NOT SO, still it would be the part of good business to dispense, at the earliest possible moment, with a system that is out of step with the times.

YOU CAN COMPUTE the cost of supporting—of replacing and maintaining—horses and horse equipment, but you cannot know the losses you sustain by forfeiting business to your more alert rivals.

THE PRIZE IS TO THE SWIFT these days—business goes to the house that handles it with the greatest dispatch.

THIS IS EQUALLY TRUE of rural and of urban business. The modern farmer and dairyman no less than the modern merchant must keep up with the times—and with his competitors—in the matter of trucking equipment.

BUT YOU KNOW THAT. It is a waste of space to discuss the relative merits of the old and the new—that subject has been thoroughly thrashed out, pro and con, and the decision has been made.

IT IS NO LONGER a question of horses or motor trucks. The only question that remains to be decided is—*which truck?*

AND IN THE CONSIDERATION of that subject let us suggest that in selecting a truck or a fleet of them you follow the same policy to which you have always adhered in buying horses—buy only from a concern whose reputation you know and of which you are sure.

YOU WOULD NOT BUY a draft horse from a wandering gypsy—not though you felt you knew all there was to know about horseflesh.

THERE'S VASTLY MORE TO KNOW about motor trucks than about horses. And he who is most sure of his "motor-wisdom" is most likely to select the wrong truck if he depend upon his own experience alone.

MIND YOU, the poorest truck made is better—more reliable—more consistent in performance—than the best team of horses. But that is not the point. You want the most reliable truck made. You want the truck that is cheapest to maintain because of needing fewer repairs, and, when repairs or replacement parts are needed can be obtained quickest and at the least expense.

AND OF COURSE YOU WANT the utmost in truck excellence for your money at the same time that you insist on paying no more for it than you can realize on the amount of horse equipment that truck will replace in service.

ALL OF WHICH SAYS—REO. The cardinal quality in Reo cars, as you know, is stability.

THAT QUALITY YOU'LL FIND in superlative degree in the Reo two-ton (Model J) truck shown at the bottom of this page. In service this truck has proven "as reliable as a chronometer," and that consistency of performance with the extremely low upkeep cost have created for it among motor trucks a place such as Reo cars enjoy among automobiles.

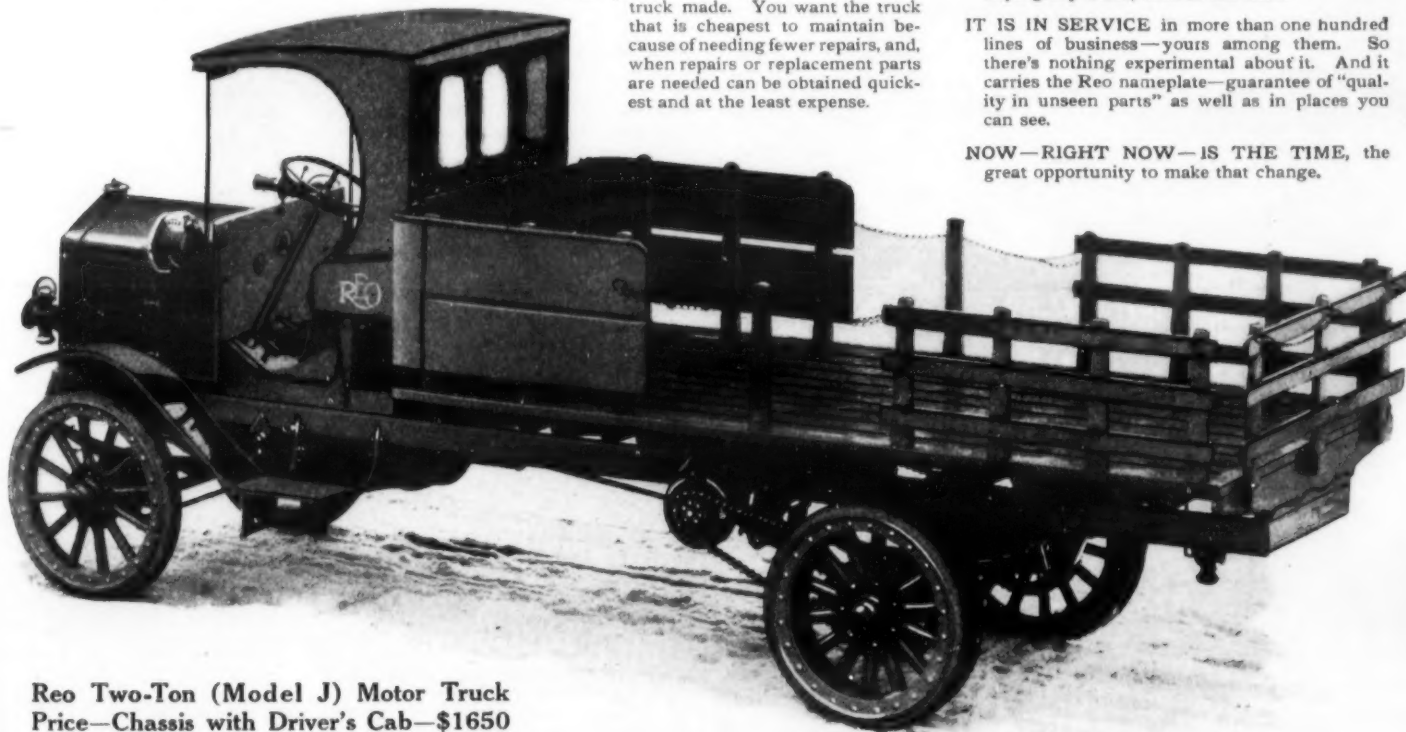
YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN a man or a firm to install a Reo truck as a starter and then change to any other make when completing his equipment.

ANY REO DEALER anywhere can tell you about Reo trucks in service and can show you figures in cost upkeep that will astound you. And, though we talk shop service only as incidental to our business—for we believe in "Road Service Built in at the Factory" such as makes shop service unnecessary—yet it is an important fact that you have at your service any one of fifteen hundred Reo dealers at any time or place you may call on them.

LOOK INTO THIS matter of advantageous sale of the horses and equipment. And, before buying any truck, look at this Reo.

IT IS IN SERVICE in more than one hundred lines of business—yours among them. So there's nothing experimental about it. And it carries the Reo nameplate—guarantee of "quality in unseen parts" as well as in places you can see.

NOW—RIGHT NOW—IS THE TIME, the great opportunity to make that change.



Reo Two-Ton (Model J) Motor Truck  
Price—Chassis with Driver's Cab—\$1650

**REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICH., U. S. A.**  
Reo Automobiles and Reo Motor Trucks

CANADIAN FACTORY: Reo Motor Car Co., Limited, St. Catharines, Ontario



## 42 Years of Service

—the story of a small roof with a great record



*Barrett Specification Roofs*

Sherfy & Kidd Furniture Store, Brazil, Ind.

Roofers: Henry C. Smither Roofing & Sheet Metal Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

Sims & Smither, 42 years ago.

The photograph above shows a building in Brazil, Indiana, which was roofed in 1872 with felt and gravel along the lines of *The Barrett Specification*.

A few months ago, it was necessary to add another story to the building and the old roof was torn off.

During 42 years the roof never leaked, nor was it patched, painted, or repaired.

The owners wrote to the successors of Sims & Smither, who put on the original roof in 1872, saying: "We want a roof like the old one"—and a Barrett Specification Roof will, therefore, cover the new addition.

From the viewpoints of service and economy Barrett Specification Roofs are pre-eminently superior to any other kind.

### Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of *The Barrett Specification*, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

Copies of *The Barrett Specification* free on request.

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Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Seattle  
THE PATTERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver  
St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



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**KEEN KUTTER**

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If not at your dealer's, write us.

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and other places where he has served as a commercial agent. He is now a small merchant on his own account. To the remark that he and all the men appear to be in fine physical condition, content and even happy, he answers that their physical fitness is due largely to plenty of excellent food and to the care taken of them. As to their cheerful appearance, he says that the men think they are doing well for Germany, and that is enough, he thinks, to make any German happy. "Also," he remarks, "there is not a man of us common soldiers who does not know exactly what we are fighting for."

"And may I ask what you are fighting for, then?" you flash back at him with unguarded impoliteness.

His eyes blaze. "Für Deutschland!" The words bark at you with penetrating intentness, which has made him relapse into the German tongue in his emotion. "For the life of the German nation!" picking up his English again. "Yes, and for our lives, too, and the lives of our wives and children—our means of earning our livelihood."

"How long will the war last?" you venture to inquire. Equally prompt and spirited comes the answer, his already military straight figure stiffening into yet more rigid erectness.

"Till Germany wins! Till England is beaten!"

"But do you not want to go home?"

"Yes, of course, but not until Germany wins, not till England is beaten!"

And the guns go on roaring, the shells go on exploding, and nothing really happens.

"What a waste of ammunition!" you remark.

"Quite true. But the French are wasting most of it, and most of it is neutral ammunition from neutral America." An officer is speaking now, and he smiles as he whips out his stinging jest. And yet no jest, for you have learned that it is a serious conviction of German officers, German soldiers, German scholars, German business men, German workmen—in short, the German people.

### A Question of Temperament

AGAIN, by differentiating sound and direction and plying questions based on these, you learn that, as in the case of rifle firing in the morning, so in artillery work the French are firing many times to the Germans' once. This does not mean that the Germans are not prodigal of their powder; for while they are infinitesimally economical of everything else they are not parsimonious in ammunition.

"It is with the guns the same thing that I told you this morning about the rifle firing," patiently reexplains the officer who was with you in the trenches shortly after dawn. "It is a question of temperament, delicate nerves and a supersensitive imagination on the one side, and strong nerves and a matter-of-fact imagination on the other side. Our French friends shoot when they think they see something—a shadow is enough; or when they imagine something which does not exist. That means they are firing almost all the time. But our men shoot only when they really do see something to shoot at, or when we have figured out carefully, and on a basis of fact, locations and movements. At bottom this fundamental difference will be the deciding factor in this war—the physical basis, plus education, and both of these plus spirit, and all of these plus faith."

Strolling back to the auto, you come upon a field kitchen on its journey of refreshment to the men whom you have just left and their comrades—an enormous kettle, holding gallons upon gallons, its vast lid screwed tightly down; a slight fire burning in the oven beneath it; a stovepipe rising from its front; the whole set on wheels and making a large-sized iron wagon. Two broad horses draw this field kitchen. Fat and sleek these horses are. The kitchen stops at command; the kettle's lid is unscrewed, and some of the contents ladled out for your sampling, after the cautious cook, with culinary pride, tastes it himself. It is thick pea soup with meat—hot and steaming. It appeals to the palate. You like it better than the food at the officers' mess.

The flying auto takes you miles upon miles to another point. At two villages there are stops for inspection duty. The streets are filled with soldiers. Again the robust, wholesome appearance of the men thrusts itself toward you like a great, strong, hearty hand;

again the good humor of the faces, for you had expected hardship's shrunken bodies and faces pinched by despair and privation. Now you pass a marching company, most of them grinning, some laughing outright—evidently the company humorist has cracked a joke. Once more the same vitality, the same lusty color of lip and cheek.

### Cannon, and Crackers and Cheese

THERE is a grating rumble just ahead, and in a moment you overtake and are passing a procession of little square wagons, all but two drawn by six big horses. On each off horse sits a soldier, his rifle slung across his back ready for use. There are twenty of these wagons. It is an ammunition train, going where it is needed.

The end of the day has come, and you turn into an open space by the side of the road.

"Let us have some cheese and crackers," remarks the corps commander's aide. While you are standing, eating, darkness falls upon you like a black cloak. Although you have not been out of the sound of small arms or cannon the whole day long, yet you turn your head sharply as just behind you, beyond some trees, the crackle of heavy infantry fire breaks out. You are in no danger, however, for, although only a few yards away, it is the German rifles that are speaking, and the French lead will not come in your direction.

Then, quite as suddenly, you wheel about at an unfamiliar series of explosions of a regularity you have not heard before, and you see at no great distance little spurts of fire so rapid that they seem almost a continuous flame. Machine guns these, but firing at an angle from where you stand; so again there is no danger, and again nothing really happens. You have read that there is no flash from machine guns, but you have seen their jets of flame darting out like the red tongues of legendary serpents.

Through the darkness now the rushing auto makes top speed. "Armee-Oberkommando!" shouts the major adjutant to the frequent sentries, and on you plunge again. Through a large town you pass, and on inquiry learn that it is one of the two biggest mining towns of France; and this leads to the discovery that the Germans occupy much the greater part of France's coal-mining district. Here is another physical resource which that part of the Republic occupied by the Germans is yielding the conquerors. Extensive soda deposits is another; and from these the Germans are making a substitute for gasoline. Important items, these, and you reflect that these French fields are feeding the German army now in France.

You have sampled a portion of the line where the French oppose the Germans, and now you would have a look at another region, where the English front the German guns. Next day, then, you go to Comines, France, and beyond on the road to Ypres. Just across the Belgian border are battery headquarters for this artillery section. The vast noise of the cannon saturates the atmosphere with a steady and mighty sound.

"Will you have a look at Messines before going to the batteries?" asks a young artillery captain.

Of course you will! You are standing in a little space surrounded on all sides save one by quaint, old buildings. At an order, some soldiers begin throwing brush from a great contrivance on wheels standing in a corner, and push it forward. The brush is to hide this object from the enemy's aeroplanes and their impertinent bombs. This mechanism looks like a heavy fieldpiece of unusual length, and you imagine that it is. But the muzzle is elevated until the instrument is perpendicular; and you think that they are going to shoot at a foe of the skies. A wheel is turned, and the curious creation elongates itself many feet in the air. There is a quick adjustment at the base, and: "Look, please!"

### The Eyes of an Army

STOOPING to put your eye to the Stens, before you is the Belgian town for which the English and Germans are struggling. The supposed big gun turns out to be the most modern and powerful of those field telescopes used by the Germans in this war!

Toward the batteries pouring their mammoth hail at the English position



you make your way. You pass a great, circular pit in the earth, like an inverted cone, twenty feet across and half as deep. A British shell did that the day before. Alongside the road, one of the double row of bordering trees, perhaps fourteen inches in diameter, is broken, its upper half hanging to the earth. The break is a shatter of splinters. Yonder is another tree riven exactly like the first, and a little farther on, still another. The rending in the body of these trees seems almost at the same height from the ground. Work of the English shells.

And so you walk on to a German battery, whose guns are precisely like those you examined yesterday, but not nearly so well concealed. This battery is not in action, for some reason—perhaps the guns are "resting." Great piles of shells are under a covering, well concealed from the side toward the enemy—they are ready for use at a moment's notice, as are the guns and indeed the men themselves, who are standing about, in easy preparedness, waiting for the telephone command. What if a shell were to fall in that store of ammunition! But luckily you do not think of this until afterward.

### The Song of the Shell

A LITTLE way to your right, and in plain view, another battery is in rapid action. The English guns are answering shot for shot. Farther off, perhaps a mile or so, a house bursts into flames. "That is an English shell," explains one of the officers. And almost as he speaks, another house, near the first one, begins to burn, also fired by a British naval gun, for these are warship ordnance, you learn, doing shore duty.

And so the labor of war goes on. High above and about you sound the prolonged *whin-n-n-g-g-g* of the flying messengers of death. The sound of them is not unpleasant; indeed, their voices are distinctly musical. You wonder why some great composer has not written the song of the shell.

## Barbara's Marriages

(Continued from page 20)

Muttering an oath, Hare hurried down the outside stairs and into the street, his hat pulled over his eyes. He did not look back. Slowly Barbara closed the door, a sick sense of shame in her heart. No wife should be forced to have her husband leave her in any such furtive way. No man would exact it of a woman whom he really loved. Must she always be reminded that she was only a plaintive suitor at the gate of Love?

At first Barbara was happier than she had been even in the mountains. She was sure of Hare in a way she had not been before. There was not a day that he failed to come to her, not a parting when he did not show reluctance in leaving her. A new happy confidence in her growing power to hold him intensified her charms and brought out in her allure and coqueries he had not dreamed her capable of. There were moments, too, when all these fell away and he saw his generous, truth-loving Barbara on a height toward which he gazed, and felt that not to love her heartily would be a keen spiritual loss.

Yet from the very beginning there were dissatisfactions which Barbara had to struggle against. One of these came when he told her that he could not spend Christmas Day with her.

"I'm just as sorry about it as you can be, dear little love," he said, smoothing her brown hair as she sat on the footstool beside him, her head against his knee. "But I don't see how I can break the old custom—"

"What has the old custom been?" Barbara asked pensively.

"Usually I had the noon meal with the Streeters or some other friends, depending on who asked me first, and invariably I had the night meal with the Farleys, the children's Christmas tree coming afterward."

"You don't mean to say," Barbara cried with the sympathy for children which he loved in her, "that they make those poor children wait till Christmas night for their presents?"

He nodded. "I've never liked it either. But, Babbie, I was going to say that mother asked me if I wouldn't have the noon meal alone with just her. She doesn't want to go very much to the Farleys at night, but, of course, she

Such are average examples of the battle front in this part of France in January of 1915. Not many charges or rushes across open spaces, although there are a few of these, here and there, along the hundreds of miles extending from the sea southward into France. The steady rains, the overflowing streams, the flooded low places, the deep and sticky mud—all discourage infantry attack or cavalry operations. You have felt that downpour, you have seen that surplus water, you have walked a great deal through that mud yourself, and can understand the physical difficulty leading the feet of soldiers rushing a hostile trench. But when the rains let up and the overflow recedes, and the ground becomes firm, there will be another story.

"It looks to an uninformed civilian as though it will be hard for the Allies to oust you from your position," you observe.

"Oust us! They will never dislodge us! Oust us! Oust us!! We shall advance!" snapped back a German officer, one of the best informed soldiers of a certain famous corps. And when he explains how this can be done without great loss it seems simple enough. Suffice it to say that the major premise of this syllogism of expected victory is temperament and the physical basis. On these the rain and snow and mud, the waiting and the rifle pit, the bombardment and the scream of shell are having their effect. And so the world waits upon the convenience of the seasons, when the soil shall be made solid for sacrifice. Then, out of the equation of nerves and temperament, what event will come forth? Sate yourself with speculation. Prophecy as you like. One man's opinion is as good as another's, no doubt. Proclaim, if you wish, that the outcome is on the knees of the gods.

But the German soldier thinks that he knows. He knows that he knows. His blood, his life—what is that to him? "Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein," he murmurs in trench or battery pit, and sleeps peacefully and is content.

will. She seems to think she'll gather strength for it if she and I are alone, just as we so often were on Christmas Day when I was a little boy."

"It's quite all right, dearest," Barbara said. "I don't see how you can get out of it, but, of course, it's natural for me to feel that I don't see how I'm going to get along without you, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is, you sentimental goose."

"Mrs. Farley wrote me to-day," she said after a pause, "asking me to dine there Christmas night."

"Did she?" he replied in an even tone. His face, as she glanced up into it, was inscrutable. He went on filling his pipe. Inwardly she sighed; she had half hoped that he had been told of the invitation, or at least would want her to accept it. Since their marriage they had not spoken of Helen.

"You'd rather I didn't accept?"

"Do you want to go?" he parried.

"No."

Barbara was sure that she did not want Helen to see them together; almost she was sure that she did not want to see Helen alone. If she could have chosen, she would have taken Hare back to Grassmere and lived with him proudly before the eyes of all who had known them. Since her life was what it was, she wanted to see as little as possible of all those who still thought of her as Barbara Rhodes.

"But why don't you want me to go?" she persisted.

"I didn't say I didn't want you to accept. I want you to do as you like."

HIS tone was careful, and yet Barbara was sure that he was not telling her the truth. Ah, well, she must please him, and, besides, she certainly did not want to be one of the Farley Christmas group.

"I've two or three invitations," she said, "and now that I know your plans I can make mine. I'll dine with Annie Bestor at night and with one of my adoring pupils at noon."

Inwardly she reflected that if only they had been leading a normal life she would not have had to hold her own plans in abeyance till she learned his; they would have made their plans together. But she did not let the thought mirror itself in her face; she smiled at



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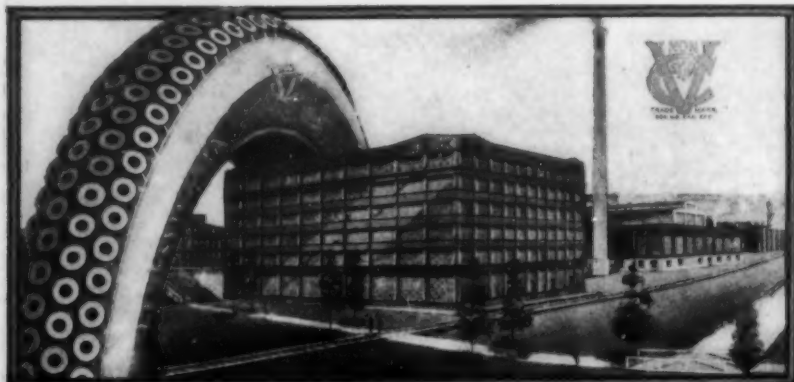
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This boy, Clare Gilroy, was born with a club foot. When 5½ years old, his father, Edward Gilroy, Moravia, N. Y., brought him to the McLain Sanitarium, St. Louis, Mo. He was here three months. His deformity was corrected, as shown in the lower picture, without plaster paris, chloroform, ether or any general anesthetic. Write his father about it.

This is not a selected case, neither is the result unusual. For 30 years this Sanitarium has been devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bowlegs—in fact, deformities generally. Write for information and book "Deformities and Paralysis," also references. Free on request.

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him and said that they would keep their own Christmas the day before.

The change in Barbara's spirit reacted upon her physically. Her face had a new vivacity, her step a new resilience. All that happened to her during the day she caught up vividly, transforming it with her own interest into something worthy to be related to Hare.

"You're not the same person," Annie Bestor said as they sat together over their nuts and fruit on Christmas night. "You were meager and pale a couple of weeks ago; now you have a rosy glow like a cherub, and you weigh at least five pounds more and your feet fairly sing on the stairs!"

"Lawsy me! as poor Anita used to say," Barbara laughed, "you're breaking into poetry." Then she added soberly: "Leonard and I have made up our quarrel—for a while."

She disliked the explanation. She wished that Annie Bestor need have known nothing of her acquaintance with Hare, and since she knew something she wished she knew the whole truth.

"I hope it will be all right," Annie Bestor said. "I don't see why it shouldn't; but I don't see what you and he are dawdling about."

Barbara dropped her eyes, and the older woman went on hastily:

"Do forgive me; I know that love has all sorts of vagaries. Do you know, I'm glad it has pretty well let me alone. Take it in the ups and downs, it's a pretty costly experiment—I mean love between man and woman. I am grateful for my own chance at loving young people."

"Oh, of course, love costs more than it's worth; but, then, it's worth even that," Barbara said.

MUCH later they were talking of a rash schoolgirl whom Annie Bestor had saved from an elopement and who was one of Barbara's favorite pupils. From that they went on to a recital of various incidents due to the inexperience of the young in love and in life.

"But the most abominable thing I ever interfered in," Annie Bestor said, "was a proposed secret marriage."

She gave the details to Barbara, and then concluded: "So you see he was a cad, with a selfish, low motive behind his proposition, and she was a very silly child. He only wanted her in this way because he couldn't get her in any other way, and he would have pitched her over when he was through with her."

Barbara's heart beat heavily. Yes, that was how such an affair would look to an outsider. She went home in a depressed mood. In the middle of the night she woke with a start. She found herself saying aloud: "I'm not at all like a wife sure of her husband's love. I am like a mistress searching for lures by which to hold her lover."

Her face flamed with shame at her own attack upon herself. She tried to push away the idea, not knowing that because she had let it put itself into words, she had given it a dreadful kind of life to which it would cling with nagging tenacity. That Christmas Day which, according to her Langworthy tradition, should have been a symbol of family unity really marked the beginning of a deep disunion between herself and her husband.

After Christmas the rains fell heavily and coldly. Californians assured Barbara that it was the bleakest January their State had ever known. Rain always depressed Hare, a dragging malarial languor added to his discomfort, and he had some puzzling and dangerous cases of illness among his patients. He said to Barbara that he would have to spend his Sundays resting in Pasadena. She agreed sympathetically; she was pathetically anxious to be reasonable. She assured him that she realized it was a tax to come even ten miles when he had so much traveling to do through the week, and she knew that a quiet day in his own house would do him good.

"Yes, I'll just lounge about at home or at the Farleys," he replied absently.

A QUICK pang had gripped Barbara. Home should not be a place where he lived with his mother, but the place where he lived with his wife. She wondered if he was still seeing Helen as much as ever; she thought not, hoped not, yet she dared not ask. A wife in her proper standing before the world would have had every right to ask, would have known without asking.

By the end of January Hare was coming to her only five nights in the week. He was as affectionate as before, but very tired and still far from

well. She was patient and tender, and her sympathy was very sweet to him. His languor made it easier for her to struggle against the impulse to judge him too closely. By the middle of February he was coming only every other day—just as he had before the secret marriage. Barbara made a hundred excuses for him, clinging fiercely to whatever proofs she could glean of his dependence upon her love.

ONE afternoon she was going home from school rather sadly; she had not seen him the day before, and she had just had a telephone message telling her he could not come that evening. As she neared her rooms she saw a pretty domestic scene in the yard of the little bungalow on the corner. Two little children were playing there while their mother sat on the steps, apparently reading a newspaper, but looking up between sentences to see that her children were still safe.

Down the street came her husband; when their looks met he took off his hat and waved it boyishly. "Daddy's home early!" the wife called joyously. "Run and tell him how glad you are."

The children trotted forward; the young man opened the gate, picked them up, and tossed them in the air. Then he kissed his wife, and, his arm about her waist, kept step with her into the house, the children running after them shrieking to the father the news of their little day. The women on the neighboring porches smiled sympathetically, but not Barbara. Fierce tears stung her eyes as she hurried up the outside stairs and into her little rooms, which should have been a home and were not.

That was what married life should be: man and wife rejoicing in each other before the face of the whole world—rejoicing in each other and in their children. There was no longer any use, Barbara told herself, in sheer- ing away from the stark fact that she was in no better case than she had been; that she was no happier, no surer of her future, no more certain that her marriage meant permanency than she had been when Hare put his ring upon her finger. Just as in the mountains she had waited for him to say, "Barbara, I love you; when will you marry me?" so now she waited for him to say: "Barbara, when will you come home; when may I tell the world that you are my beloved wife?"

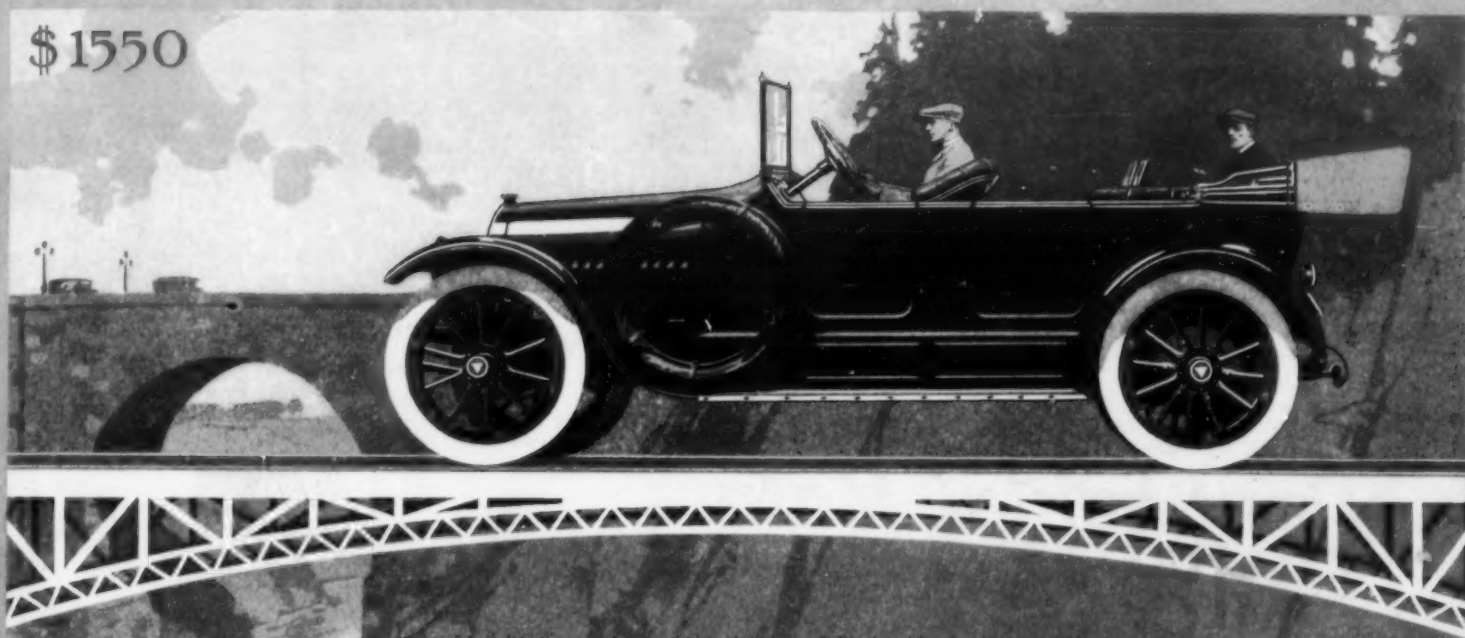
He had told her many times that he cared for her as he had not dreamed that he could care. He had told her that he loved her more than he had in the mountains—"as was natural," he had added. But he had not said the inevitable words that would mean he wanted their marriage publicly acknowledged. Barbara was a proud woman, all the prouder because her pride had been so thoroughly abased. She was a woman, too, of fine fiber, and it hurt her to have to admit that her marriage with Hare had put them upon a lower plane.

FOR she had learned at last that there was in him a lack of idealism which she had not let herself perceive before their marriage. In some ways he was even gross. At last she let herself face the truth that he looked upon her as a mistress rather than a wife. Her surreptitious relation with him was unworthy of them both. To make it tolerable, to give them a chance for any permanent happiness, she should have been living in Pasadena as his acknowledged wife, binding her life to his by a hundred little household links, by a score of little social ties, casual or deep. Marriage could not be dignified, could not be real, unless it bound man and woman together through common interests carried on with the sanction of and in the sight of the world. She should have been looking forward to rearing her children—and here was the bitterest part of Barbara's humiliation; she knew Hare did not want her to bear a child, and she had not dared speak to him of children as a loved wife may speak to her husband. Altogether, she was upon sufrage, and this sufrage was all to her disadvantage.

She thought it out, step by step, as she lay on her bed, her lips bitten, her hands clenched. And when she came to the end she saw that she was in a trap; there was nothing to do but remain passive outwardly, as she had ever since she had entered into their compact in the mountains, waiting for Hare to express himself. When she had reached that logical and bitter conclusion she heard a knock at her outer



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☐ Belgium has an exhibit at San Francisco. France cabled the specifications of its now completed greater pavilion in November. Holland built a palace, increased its appropriation by \$300,000 and sent a quarter-million bulbs. Germany changed its mind and exhibited. Japan increased its space. England is represented. The South American nations have more varied, costlier exhibits than at any other previous exposition. Argentina added \$400,000 to its exposition fund. Bolivia, Uruguay, Cuba, Honduras, Guatemala, have buildings of their own. China, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Canada, have completed their individual palaces. Italy erected seven structures on its ground. Over 80,000 exhibits from all the world are now in place. Three hundred great conventions will be held in San Francisco this year.

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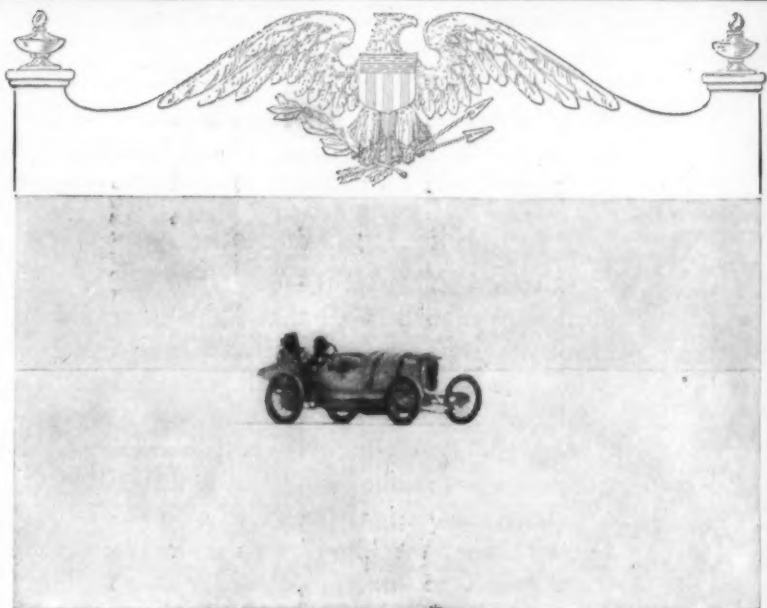
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door. She sprang to her feet; perhaps it was he after all. Without stopping to arrange her disordered hair she ran to the door and threw it open.

Helen Farley stood there, the very picture, Barbara thought, of a valued wife in good social standing. Her blue eyes gleamed at Barbara above expensive brown furs. In the street below a taxicab was waiting on her.

"It's late for a call, I know," Helen said, "but I was near here and I thought I'd come to find out why in the world you've been cutting me. Do you know that it's six weeks since I've seen you?"

Barbara could have told her that it was nine, that they had not met since her marriage.

"Yes, it's been a long time," she said, "but I've been so busy. Do sit down. Let me make you some tea."

"Please, no tea," Helen returned.

She looked at Barbara curiously.

"I'm terribly disheveled; I've been lying down," Barbara said.

"I'm so sorry to have disturbed you," Helen returned.

Her look became inscrutable, and Barbara at once was on guard.

"I'm glad you came; it's a good end to an otherwise dull day," she said.

As always, when they met, the two talked nothing. Barbara was intensely alert; she saw Helen's glance go several times to the mantelpiece. She herself sat with her back to it, but she remembered that in the morning, when she had been dressing, she had set all Hare's photographs there in a row, to look at and talk to, and then had forgotten to remove them. She knew that Helen's apparently casual glance was really sharp as it fluttered from her face to the photographs and back again.

WHEN Helen rose to go she did not shake hands. Her words and looks were cordial, but somehow when she went out of the door Barbara felt as if they had crossed swords. Helen, loving Hare, was quick to feel a situation that concerned him; she felt that Hare's relation to Barbara had become more vital since the two women had last met.

"Oh," cried Barbara when the door had closed on Helen, "if only I dared say to her: 'Yes, he's mine; honorably mine.' But I've got to let her think what she likes."

Hare came, after all, that evening, and, feeling physically better, was more like himself than he had been for some time. Then he did not see her for four days, putting off his visit by a letter which sounded abrupt. When he did come at last she felt at once that in some way he was changed. With all her heart and mind she studied him to try to discover what had happened. It could not be, she told herself, that in a few little weeks what feeling he had for her was dwindling; even physical attraction should hold a man longer than that. She blushed with shame and misery that she should have come to speak of him and herself in such terms.

An intangible wall of restraint rose between them. Barbara did her best to dispel it. Not once was she exacting; not once was she anything but sympathetic and patient and loving. There were times when Hare showed her a kind of remorseful devotion; there were other times when he showed a careful forced affection of speech. Yet not once was there a touch of the old spontaneity. Week after week Barbara played her part, waiting for some word of explanation from him, and there were hours when she felt that he was waiting for a question from her.

In April there was a week when he did not come and sent no message. She telephoned and was told that he was out of town. On the seventh evening, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, she went to Pasadena. She passed his house, but every window was dark; she passed his office, but it showed no light. He must be still out of town. Half unconsciously she walked to Helen Farley's house; it was well lighted; she could hear the faint tinkle of the piano. Suddenly tired, she sat down on the curbstone, secure in the merciful darkness, for the Farley house was on the edge of the town. By and by she heard footsteps on the path leading from the house. She got up and stepped close to the hedge, standing in the shadow of a tree. She did not wish to be spoken to or recognized.

THE footsteps came nearer. Two figures loomed on the path; they paused and then drew close to the hedge. "Good night, oh, good night," murmured Helen Farley's voice. As if it

had all somehow happened before, Barbara heard Hare's voice in reply:

"Good night, my darling Helen."

"You'll never forget? Even though I can never give you such hours again, you'll never forget?"

"Never; you've bound me to you forever now."

They kissed and parted. Barbara, trembling by the hedge, saw Helen go back to the house. She saw her husband stand motionless till he heard the front door close, when he walked briskly out of the gate and down the street. Barbara gazed after him uncertainly; then slowly and tremblingly she followed him, as if, after all, there could be no life for her except with him.

BARBARA never quite knew how she came to her own rooms. She had a vivid remembrance of following Hare's alert figure until it melted down a side street. She had a vague kaleidoscopic vision of faces and streets and houses and cars and long walking, and at last she found herself lying on her bed, wrapped in her scarlet dressing gown, gazing dully at the plump, unnatural flowers of the wall paper. The gray light of the morning stole slowly through the window, and still she was unable to think, still she could only see her husband with his arms about Helen Farley, could only hear their words that proclaimed a secret tie. Ah, well, it could be no more secret than that of Hare and herself.

It was Sunday; yet if it had been a week day no spur of habit would have reminded Barbara of her school duties. Her whole world had shattered and she lay amid the ruins, heedless of time and place. She felt strangely passive and numb; something was going to happen presently, but she must wait for it, as she was always waiting; suspense had come to be her natural element. The maid who looked after the room came and went, and the resultant exertion suggested to Barbara that she make some tea.

Morning passed and afternoon; the blaze of the sun mellowed to amber and then died, and a cool wind arose. But Barbara, still dazed and unthinking, was unaware that the day was spent and that twilight was drawing down. When it was quite dark she turned on one light; darkness had suddenly become impossible to bear, too full of menace. When Hare came she did not hear him knock, was indeed hardly aware of him until he bent over the bed and looked at her.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"I—don't think so," she said.

"What's the matter, Barbara?" he persisted.

"Perhaps you can tell me, Leonard."

"Ah!" His tone was significant.

"Come into the other room," he added.

She rose and followed him. She stood leaning against the mantel while he found and filled his pipe. Then he sat down in the morris chair and glanced up at her. In the dim light she looked almost pathetically young and helpless.

"Sit down, dear," he said gently.

SHE did not take the footstool; she sat in a straight chair opposite and looked up at him silently. Almost she seemed like a prisoner awaiting sentence; the thought irritated him.

"Do, for pity's sake, get a more comfortable seat, dear," he said.

Obediently she moved to the sofa.

"Well?" he asked after a pause.

"I think it is you who are going to speak, Leonard," she said with effort.

"Oh, my dear," he said with a sudden yearning, "it hasn't—it won't—" He hesitated.

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't love me?" she prompted.

"Barbara, what we have hoped for can never be. I must be different from other men, or surely I could have loved you."

"You—can't?" she murmured.

"You've been so good, so generous; the sweetest and best woman I have ever known or shall ever hope to know."

"It isn't praise I want," Barbara thought.

"Won't you say something?" he pleaded. "Tell me that you forgive me."

Suddenly Barbara knew that she could not give him the freedom that he was tacitly asking for. He did not love her, but even if he never could, and even if he did love Helen Farley, she could not feel that he was not hers. For she herself belonged to the man, and every nerve in her body and soul demanded that the man should be hers.

"Is there—are you trying to tell me

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that you love some one else?" she asked hoarsely.

He paused very briefly.  
"No," he said, "no, Barbara. I think I am not capable of love as you gauge it. I am capable of friendship or of passion, and at my best I am capable of a mingling of both. But I don't love any other woman."

BARBARA felt a wild throb of relief, followed first by incredulity and then by sinking shame. He did not love Helen, but he had wanted Helen to belong to him, too. She had been competing with Helen even during her brief marriage. He had been incapable of even a short loyalty—and still Barbara wanted him.

"Do you still care more for me than for anyone else? Tell me the truth," she pleaded.

"Yes, Barbara," he said readily. "But if only you knew how little I am capable—"

Barbara's sense of relief grew, and with it a kind of cold, hard determination to fight for her rights. She pushed down her pain and summoned all her energies in a struggle to win him back. She moved toward him, arms outstretched, her face luring, her voice like a dove's.

"Leonard," she murmured, "few men really know what love is. I've learned that it's women who give and men who receive, perhaps. But I'm happy in just loving you. And even if I've not been able to fill your life, I've given you golden hours. And I can give you more—yet more. You don't know yet the powers that are in me—what I can yield you."

She put her arms about his neck; she clung to him with an abandon she had never shown before.

"Isn't it better," she crooned, "to make the most of such love as mine even if it isn't to be permanent? I'm not asking anything except that we seize the present while it is still ours—and, my beloved, it is still ours. I'm yours and you're mine still!"

His arms tightened about her. He had not seen her for a week; he was ashamed and pitiful, and the best that was in him, after all, belonged to her. "Give me your lips, Barbara," he said hoarsely. "I'm not fit to tie your little shoes."

Long afterward Barbara opened her eyes. She had not slept; a fever of wakefulness was upon her. For the moment she had conquered, yes; but it was a cheap, fleeting victory, and she hated it. She lived over the hours with loathing—no, no, she would try to hold him, she should fight for her rights, but never again in that way. He should have the truth; let him hate her for it if he must—surely the hate would pass—but never again should their lives be built in lies or on suppressions.

Hare was breathing evenly, but she felt that he, too, was awake. After a time he rose softly and went into the living room. She could hear him; he was dressing; he would go away. She joined him, her face pale and pinched in the merciless full light he had turned on.

"What is it, Leonard?" she cried. "You're going back to Pasadena?"

"Yes," he said abruptly. "Barbara, it won't do! What is the use? We'd just have other scenes like this and other brief reconciliations, but the end would be the same."

THAT was characteristic of him, she reflected. She remembered that when she was leaving him in the summer she had begged him to ride with her just to the next station, and he had refused, saying that the parting must come soon in any case. When he saw the end he wanted to take a short cut to it. Barbara sat down and motioned him to his accustomed chair.

"Let us talk first," she said. "We can't come to any end by indirection. Do you realize that we have been married scarcely three months? Have you given us a fair chance?"

"Oh, Barbara," he said mournfully, "I wronged you to marry you at all. My little passion for you was all but spent in our days of sweetheating. It was like grasping at a straw to propose this marriage, but I wanted the hope—"

"And these few weeks have made me no dearer?"

"In one way, yes; in another, no. I feel like a cad to tell you so," he said. "I feel more that you have a right in me—a right to my service and loyalty as a friend. But I don't want to be bound to you or to any woman."

Barbara drooped her head. He had



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simply worn out his interest more quickly than most men do. But there had been no spiritual growth, no real union.

"Oh, Barbara, my dearest," he cried, pained, when he saw her head fall. "It isn't because I haven't wanted to love you."

"What do you propose, Leonard?" she asked steadily.

"I want to be free, Barbara. I—it would be better for you to get a divorce for desertion. That could not be till after a year."

She put her hands before her eyes.

"Come back here next year and teach in Annie Bestor's school, knowing that you were here—that I mustn't see you! How could I do that, Leonard, when my life's been just you, when I've nothing but you to think about here?"

"If it would be easier for you to go away and let me get the divorce—"

"Oh," cried Barbara, "it's never been a marriage."

"Barbara, it hasn't come about because I haven't wanted to love you," he repeated. "Every day since we were married you've been in my thoughts and in my heart."

Barbara folded her hands and looked at him with the eyes of an outraged wife. "In your heart every day!" she cried fiercely. "Was I in your heart night before last when you had your arms about Helen Farley?"

He stiffened. Then he asked her, as he had once before: "Have you been spying on me, Barbara?"

"Not consciously," she cried with rising passion. "But when I was half frantic because for a week you had left me, I went to Pasadena just to look at your house, just to look at your haunts. It was so cruel to leave me—I am your wife."

She burst into tears. He waited coldly until her hard sobbing had subsided.

"You hadn't quite finished your account, I think," he said.

"I went to Mrs. Farley's house; I was going in, but I—I simply wondered if you were there. And then I saw and I heard."

He said nothing. Barbara had half hoped for some explanation.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she cried wildly. "I am your wife and you have been unfaithful to me!"

"But what is there to say since you know it?" he asked.

"At least you owe me some kind of explanation."

"Yes, I do," he said slowly, "and I owe Helen loyalty, too. Do you remember that I told you that once or twice in the mountains I had thought myself in love?"

"Once was when you proposed to some girl—"

HARE set his jaw at an ugly angle. "Once was when I proposed," he asserted. "The other time was even before that, when I thought I loved Helen. I told you how good she's always been. That summer—I learned she loved me, too, but she couldn't—she didn't—"

"I see," Barbara said hysterically, "and there was no chance of a secret marriage." He frowned.

"You make it hard for me to go on when I think of all I owe to Mrs. Farley. She's done more for me than any woman. Her life hasn't been happy, but she's always been so brave and sweet—"

"Leonard," Barbara said intensely, "you may not realize it, but I am suffering unspeakably from jealousy, from hurt love—"

"I wish we needn't have spoken of her," he muttered. "I can't make you understand, I am afraid, Barbara. If I had really loved you, it couldn't have happened, of course. But of late weeks she has seemed to be more dependent on me—she has made me feel that if it were all to do over—"

"But, Leonard," she sobbed, "when you were married to me—"

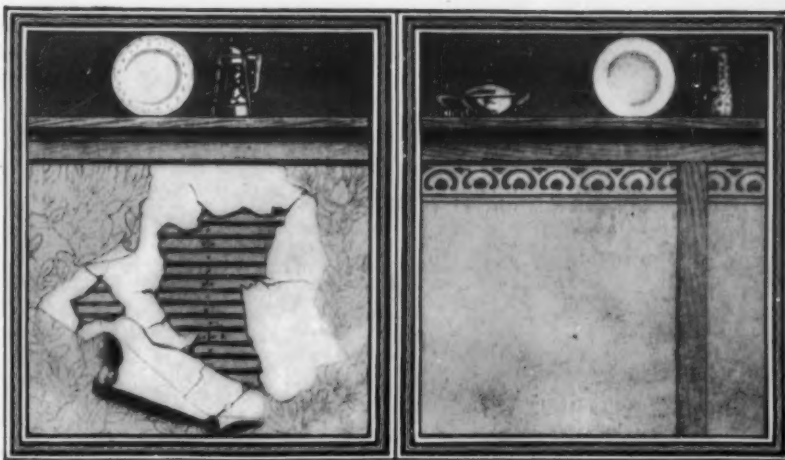
"That's what I can't make you see," he interrupted. "It was because I was bound to you without loving you, and a love was offered that was free and that I had once wanted— Say that I was base, if you will; I cannot speak more plainly than I have without hurting and insulting you more than I have."

"And showing yourself to be—degraded," Barbara said in a tone of infinite sadness.

"I have no defense."

"Leonard, you know that you have been disloyal to her as well as to me. Do you dream that she would have—yielded if she had known I was your wife?"

He remembered the perfumed twilight when, night after night, he had



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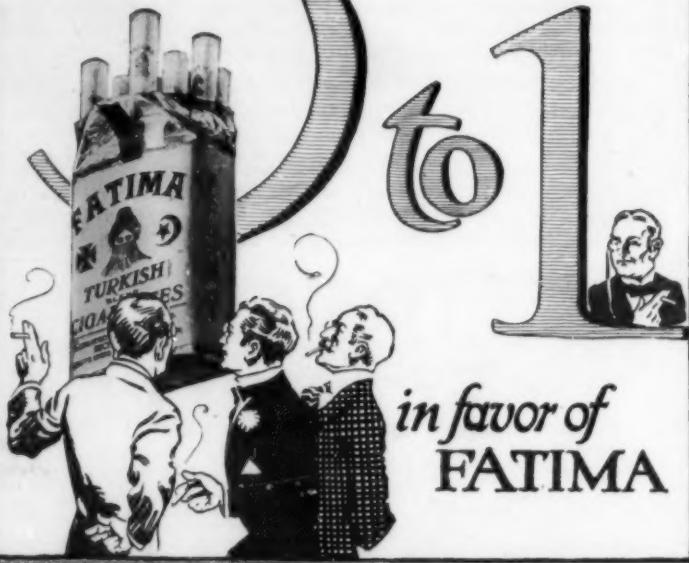




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somehow found himself with Helen, scarcely realizing whether he was there at his initiative or hers.

"It would sound stupid if I told you I forgot you—forgot I was married," he said. "Barbara, you can't fully analyze and you can never fully explain such a situation—"

"Oh, I understand now," Barbara cried in a passion of jealousy. "She came here; she saw your photographs; she felt that in some way or other you and I belonged to each other. She set out to get you for herself fully in the one way that was left her."

HE looked at her significantly, and again Barbara put her hands before her eyes. Had she not, in consenting to the secret marriage, done much as Helen had? Both had played for a worthless stake—only not worthless to them.

In a flash of insight she saw that in the end both would lose.

"I despise you, but I can't help loving you," she said.

"Barbara, time will help you," he said with an unconscious fatuousness that maddened her. "The time will come when you will love some one who is more worthy of your riches of temperament than I am."

"How I hate myself," she went on. He did not understand quite.

"Neither of us can help what we are like nor what life has done for us," he said.

Barbara sat looking at him; the gray dawn crept in, and Hare snapped off the lights.

"I must go," he said.

"Leonard," she cried dully, "I can't free you; I can't. I know that I could sue you for—but I wouldn't hurt Helen Farley. I'm sorry for her, as I should be sorry for any woman who loved you. I—just can't let you go!"

Again his jaw made the ugly angle that hurt and terrified her.

"Remember our bargain," he said. "It was to be a trial marriage only. You must play fair."

"Oh, play fair!" she cried passionately. "Did you play fair with me when you proposed?"

"As fair as you did," he said in a bitter voice. "At the bottom of your mind, Barbara, you knew quite well what the whole thing meant."

Outside she heard the milk wagons clinking down the street—the herald of the busy life of the day. The acid smell of kitchen smoke wafted to her nostrils; somewhere in the building a baby began to cry. She looked about her incredulously. Could her life have come to this! She and Leonard were quarreling in a sordid way, and only a few hours ago there had been vows—embraces—

"I can't understand," she murmured. Hare found his ha—

"This is good-by, Barbara," he said. "It can't go on; I want my freedom. When you are able to talk reasonably about it, send for me."

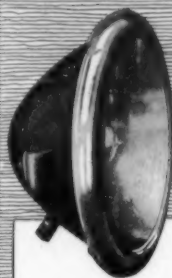
He went out, closing the door softly after him. She heard his footsteps receding down the staircase. He was gone.

She felt faint and ill. She remembered that she had had almost nothing to eat the day before and that it was Monday morning, and soon a room full of schoolgirls would be waiting for her. She would meet them; she would not fail Annie Bestor, the one person in California who had shown her unselfish kindness.

She dressed and went to the nearest restaurant for breakfast. She ate mechanically and took her way mechanically to the school. She did her work adequately, all the time feeling as if it were some one else who was going through the motions. Annie Bestor she avoided; that kindly friend's perceptions were too keen. Barbara was again numb, but she felt as if suffering were waiting on the threshold, ready to seize her. It was not till she was back in her room at night that pain had its way with her.

DAY after day Barbara struggled. Pride and shame urged her to give Hare his freedom. What though she did not believe in divorce, what though the bond of marriage was to her a thing sacred, unbreakable; he was right, she had abandoned her right to take that ground. Her love made her seek for all sorts of specious excuses. If only Leonard had allowed them more time! If only Leonard would acknowledge the marriage and live openly, as they should, with the sanction of society! And constantly a little sane voice

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whispered to Barbara that no man can be forced to love a woman, that no man can be held even formally against his will, that once a man's love is dead, no power under the skies can rekindle it. But she refused to hear the voice; her dreadful emotional tenacity made her believe that there must be some way yet of winning her husband.

He did not return and he sent no word. After a few days she wrote him an imploring letter, begging him to come to her. He replied briefly that there was no use in coming, for that his resolution had not changed and would not. Upon reading his letter she telephoned him; his secretary answered and presently said that Dr. Hare was in but was too busy to talk to Mrs. Rhodes.

Barbara sent a message asking when he would call her up, and the reply was returned that he would call upon her in a day or two.

Two days passed and he did not come. Then she wrote him that she was desperate, that she must see him, and that if he did not come to her she would go to his house. As Barbara Hare penned the words, Barbara Langworthy stood by, watching in scorn and pity.

"If only I fall low enough," poor Barbara Hare sighed, "perhaps I can begin to climb up once more to dignity and self-respect."

THE next afternoon he called. He kept his car before the door, and he entered her rooms in a tentative manner.

She stood by the mantel, sick and white, her hands trembling as she supported herself by them. Hare's heart contracted as he looked at her.

"Barbara, this can't go on," he said harshly. "I'm sorry for you with all my heart and I hate myself for what I've done to you. But I've got to live with myself and I can't live with you. We have to make an adjustment somehow. I've got to have my freedom."

"I had to send for you," Barbara whispered. "I had to see you again." "Poor Barbara," Hare said, "don't think I'm not sorry! Don't think I've forgotten what your father did for me—all you've given me. I'd rather have hurt anyone in the world than you."

"Except yourself," she said dully. "Except myself," he agreed. "I've come to tell you, Barbara," he added, "that I am going away for a while."

"Going away?" she faltered. "It will be better for us both. Being a doctor, I know how a woman's feelings run. If I'm within ten miles of you, you will feel that you must see me. If I'm hundreds of miles away you can't. You'll cure more quickly for knowing I'm out of your life in space as well as—in other ways."

"Going away—but where?" "Mr. Streeter is ill again, as you know. I'm going to take him up in the foothills."

"But I should think he'd want a nurse," she said, falling into their old habit of discussion.

FOR a moment he responded to her manner.

"He's a pretty sick man, Barbara. I owe him a lot because he made my work here possible." Then he went on with a change of tone: "I'd have tried to go with him even if it hadn't been for our tragedy."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"Besides everything else," he continued, "I'm far from well myself. It hasn't been an easy year for me either."

"How long shall you be gone?" she repeated.

"A fortnight—a month—I don't know," he said. "Mr. Streeter needs me doubly, as Miss Streeter will probably not be with him. Her elder sister is ill, and she will doubtless stay with her."

"A fortnight—a month!" she repeated. "Or even six weeks," he said. "To be frank with you, Barbara, I don't want to see you again. If I can manage my work so as to stay away till after your school term ends here, it will be better for us both."

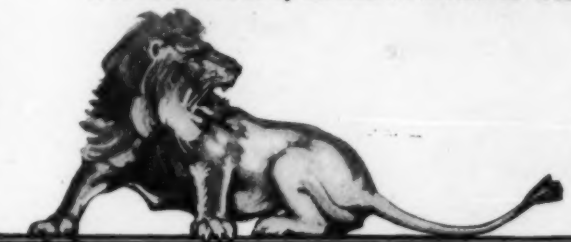
Barbara burst into wild weeping. "Go, if you will," she said, "but, oh, Leonard, try and remember my arms!" "Barbara, Barbara, if only I could turn pity and respect and admiration into love," he said, "I would do it for my own sake."

She sank to the floor, still bitterly weeping. When she looked up he had gone.

(To be Continued Next Week)

## Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL.



### Partial List of Contents

Law of Great Thinking. The Four Factors on which it depends. How to develop analytical power. How to think "all around" any subject. How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking. Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration. How to acquire the power of consecutive thinking, Reasoning, Analysis. How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing. How to guard against errors in thought. How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts. How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power. How to develop Reasoning Power. How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking. The secret of Building Mind Power. How the Will is made to act. How to test your Will. How a Strong Will is Master of Body. What creates Human Power. The Six Principles of Will Training. Definite Methods for developing Will. THE NINETEEN NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life. Seven principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power. FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control. How to develop a strong, keen gaze. How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work. How to become aware of Nervous Action. How to keep the body well-poised. How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power. How to exercise the Nerves. How to throw off Worry. How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system. How to secure steady nerves. How to maintain the Central Factors of Health, etc., etc., etc. Complete list of contents would nearly fill this page.

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It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—by intelligent exercise and use. The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstances. If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become unable to use it. We degenerate into beings a little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life. "Power of Will," by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., M. S., is a scientific course in Will-Training which has helped over 50,000 people. This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

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By HARYOT HOLT DEY

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SUFFRAGETTES ARRESTED AGAIN  
FORCIBLE FEEDING OF SUFFRAGETTES  
SUFFRAGETTES THREATEN PARLIAMENT  
SUFFRAGETTES DESTROY WORKS OF ART  
CLUB WOMEN HAVE HAIR PULLING  
WOMANHOOD DEGENERATING  
POLICEMEN USE CLUBS ON SUFFRAGETTE  
WOMAN NEGLECTS CHILD TO VOTE  
WOMEN TO BLAME FOR WAR IN COLORADO  
THE GREAT FEMININE INTRUSION  
UNSEXED WOMEN DEMAND BALLOT  
HUSBAND DIVORCES SUFFRAGIST WIFE  
HYSTERIA AND VOTES FOR WOMEN  
THE INVASION OF PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT  
EQUAL SUFFRAGE MEANS SEX WAR  
SUFFRAGE WIFE DESERTS HER HOME  
FEMINIST PRINCIPLES UNSOUND  
ANTI-SUFFRAGE MEANS HOME PROTECTION  
WOMEN UNFIT FOR OUTSIDE WORK

### DURING THE WAR

BELGIAN WOMEN PLAY BIG PART  
WOMEN HELP FEED STATE ARMY  
WOMEN PROVIDE FOR WAR ORPHANS  
WOMEN DRY TEARS AND TAKE ARMS  
FRANCE CALLS WOMEN TO HARVEST CROPS  
PARIS WOMEN MUST TAKE MEN'S JOBS  
WOMEN REPLACE MEN IN FACTORIES  
WOMEN AVIATORS SERVE AS SCOUTS  
WOMEN SERVE AS WAR NURSES  
WOMEN JOIN RED CROSS  
WOMEN MEET TO REPUDIATE WAR  
MOUNTED CORPS OF WOMEN NURSES  
WOMEN OF 26 NATIONS SUE FOR PEACE  
WOMEN PARADE FOR PEACE  
500 WOMEN STREET SWEEPERS IN BUDAPEST  
WOMEN MUST DO JURY DUTY  
A MOTHER GIVES HER SIX SONS TO THE WAR  
WOMEN HAVE NO TIME TO WEEP  
WOMEN SERVE ON POLICE FORCE  
WOMEN PLACE BAN ON MILITARY DRESS

### AFTER THE WAR (Eventually)

CALIFORNIA WOMEN PUT POLITE IN POLITICS  
ELLA FLAGG YOUNG RETURNS VACATION MONEY  
SUFFRAGE CAUSE EMERGES FROM BATTLE SMOKE  
WOMEN DECIDE WARS MUST CEASE  
WOMEN REFUSE TO BEAR SONS FOR WAR  
WOMEN PATCH UP POOR OLD WAR WRECKS  
FATHER-MOTHER GOVERNMENT ENDORSED  
ALL STATES GIVE BALLOT TO THEIR WOMEN  
TAMMANY GOES IN FOR SUFFRAGE  
ELIHU ROOT A CONVERT  
ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS TAKE LESSONS IN VOTING  
GREAT BRITAIN ELECTS WOMEN TO PARLIAMENT  
THE EMPIRE STATE GOES STRONG FOR SUFFRAGE  
THE KAISER WITHDRAWS THE THREE K'S  
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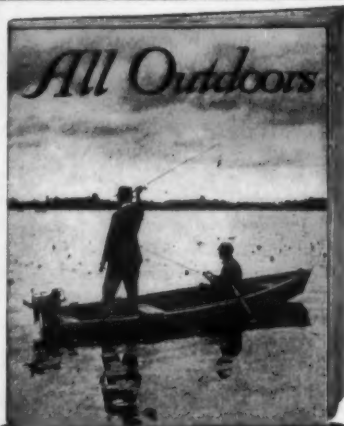
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## Margarita Trench

(Continued from page 9)

"Are you Cinderella?" Hardie demanded indulgently. Upon which and with a rending sharpness his door bell rang, not once, but twice. "Just a minute," said Hardie. "Startled you, didn't it? Too bad! You're really white. Sit down while I see who it is—I'm looking for a wire this morning."

But it was not a wire. "Mr. Hardie's office?" said the rather ruddy, elderly gentleman whom the opening of the door disclosed—"I was to meet my wife here—Mrs. Yates."

He held his hat and stick in one hand and fingered a gray mustache with the other. "Some mistake, I think, sir," said Hardie curtly.

But it was Margarita Trench coming forward, tugging at one little gray glove, who cut the knot.

"Here I am, Robert," she said constrainedly.

"Good!" said Mr. Yates. "Won't you come in?" asked Hardie after one staring moment—"I didn't quite get the name at first."

Mr. Yates came in. He had the air of being accustomed to come in without question. He was beyond any doubt a gentleman, and that fifty summers had burned certain of the numbered hairs from his brow was likely no choice of his. His garments betrayed an exclusive tailor and spoke in well-bred whispers of much money. As for Mr. Yates himself, he regarded his wife with friendly warmth, Hardie with dignified interest, and the Fourth Avenue office with well-bred curiosity, as who should say: "So! These are the diggings of Genius!"

MARGARITA TRENCH broke a silence slightly awkward.

"I think Mr. Hardie and I have finished—Robert—and—it's after twelve."

Mr. Yates stood up again.

"Whenever you're ready, my dear. Robbins is waiting with the car downstairs. You found her little story interesting—Mr. Hardie?"

Hardie looked at Margarita Trench, who turned away her eyes and moved to the door. "Rather more than interesting—her little story—" he conceded dryly. Hardie was only thirty then, and young enough still to savor the full sensation of a wound.

"She knew what she was writing about those days," said Mr. Yates with a wise shake of the head. He added benignantly: "Ah, well!—we have changed all that—haven't we, Margarita?"

"That story," said Margarita Trench, "was written and sold four years ago. They kept it all that time." She lifted a queerly appealing look, but Hardie stared over and beyond her, grimly.

Mr. Yates, with certain accustomed courtesies, made his farewells and passed out through the doorway. Margarita Trench followed him. At the last, though, she turned swiftly and stood for one moment upon the threshold, her cheeks burning, her eyes dark and hungry. "I wish," she said passionately, "that I had needed your money."

Then she shut the door behind her and was gone.

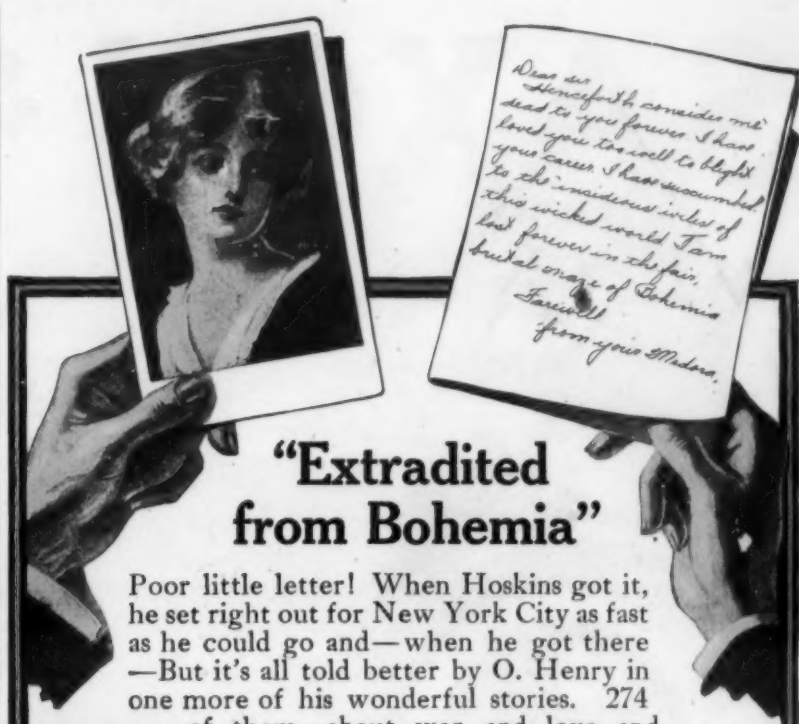
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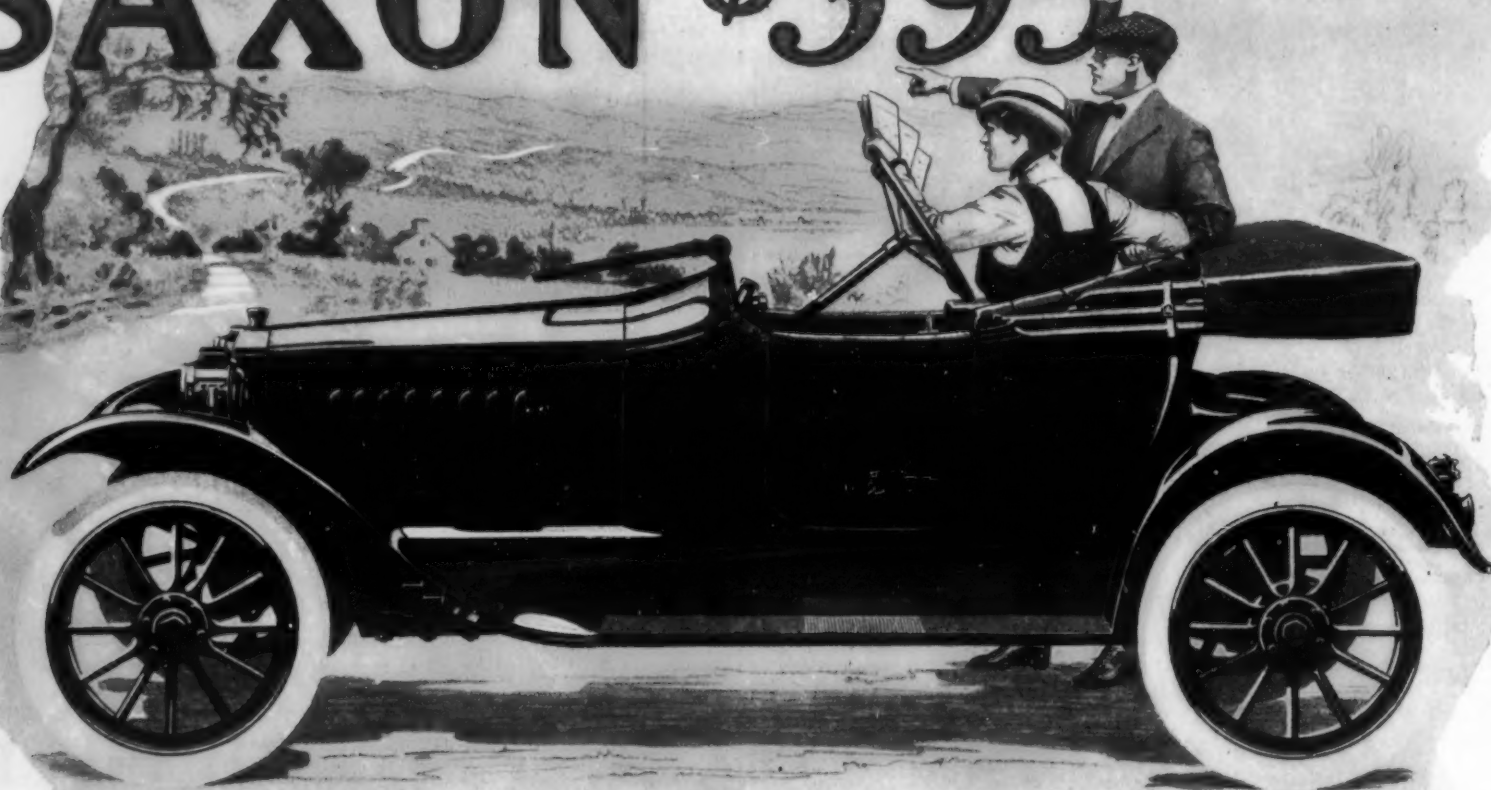
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Mrs. Ray. M. Mackey of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "My Saxon is very easy on tires and gasoline. It has the power to climb hills on country roads and to get in and out of traffic on crowded streets without difficulty. I like its neat and up-to-date appearance."

Two Saxon owners, G. W. and J. W. Logan recently drove from their

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### Ideal Car for Every Day Motoring Needs

Mrs. E. J. Parenteau of Pittsburg says: "I have driven my Saxon about 5,500 miles and have found it ideal for country driving as well as city use—at an exceedingly small upkeep. On a recent trip from Pittsburg to Monongahela, we took the wrong road, covering a route where no automobile had ever gone before. So we feel quite proud of our Saxon."

W. P. Hensley of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, Calumet, Mich., writes: I use my Saxon in my work and for pleasure trips, too. It climbs the hills that some of the big cars simply can't negotiate. And it has cost me so far sixteen cents a day to run it

and I have averaged over 30 miles per gallon of gasoline. My wife and I expect to drive out to the Panama-Pacific Exposition in it next summer."

### Wonderful Saxon Motor Wins This Owner

Dr. E. J. Marsh of Oswego, N. Y., gives this testimony: "I have driven my Saxon nearly 3,000 miles. There isn't a prettier working engine in the world."

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From Paul E. Reiff, Saxon owner in New Cumberland, Pa., comes this evidence: "The car does the work to my entire satisfaction and can climb hills on high gear that lots of machines are obliged to take on second."

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The two-passenger Saxon—priced at \$395—brings motoring within the reach of everyone.

Saxon is a big car for the price—wide and roomy enough for two large people to sit in perfect comfort. It is sturdily built, smooth riding with light

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The 1915 Saxon has many improvements which make it even more desirable than before. Saxon is the modern car—distinctive, graceful. It is a car you'll be proud of. It is thoroughly up to the minute in every detail. Electric lights and starter, specially built for the Saxon, furnished when desired, as extra equipment.

"Saxon Days," our interesting magazine, contains more proof of Saxon superiority in construction and performance. We will gladly send you a copy upon request. Saxon dealers are everywhere—get in touch with one located nearest you or write us for his name. Address Dept. E.

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This is a big, handsome five-passenger car—of exceptional value. It is fully equipped, including Gray and Davis electric starting and lighting system, and has features usually found only in cars of much higher prices. 112-inch wheelbase, roomy, comfortable streamline body, cantilever springs, 32x3½" tires, demountable rims, one-man top, speedometer. You owe it to yourself to see this modern car before placing an order.

**Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan**





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Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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hits the pike that passes your piazza. For P. A. has been out of the woods long enough to be called by its first name. That's because it's friendly-like; because it is manufactured by an exclusive patented process that muffles the bite and the scorch and just makes men so all-fired happy they can hear the pollywogs purr even before the pussy willows peep into the spring sunshine. So, you men with a sad pipe-past, come around somemore and sort of get acquainted with Prince Albert in the tidy red tin and let the light of jimmy-pipejoy break into your soul. You'll wonder why you didn't get awake earlier and hear the robins sing in the old mulberry tree.

Get started on the tidy red tin, then you'll graduate to the crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge in the top that keeps your P. A. fine like silk. *Because a lot of men do that thing!*



